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Vol. CCVII, No. 2706
DECEMBER 22, 1951

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Volume CCVII No. 2706 The SPHERE, London, December 22, 1951

The SPHERE
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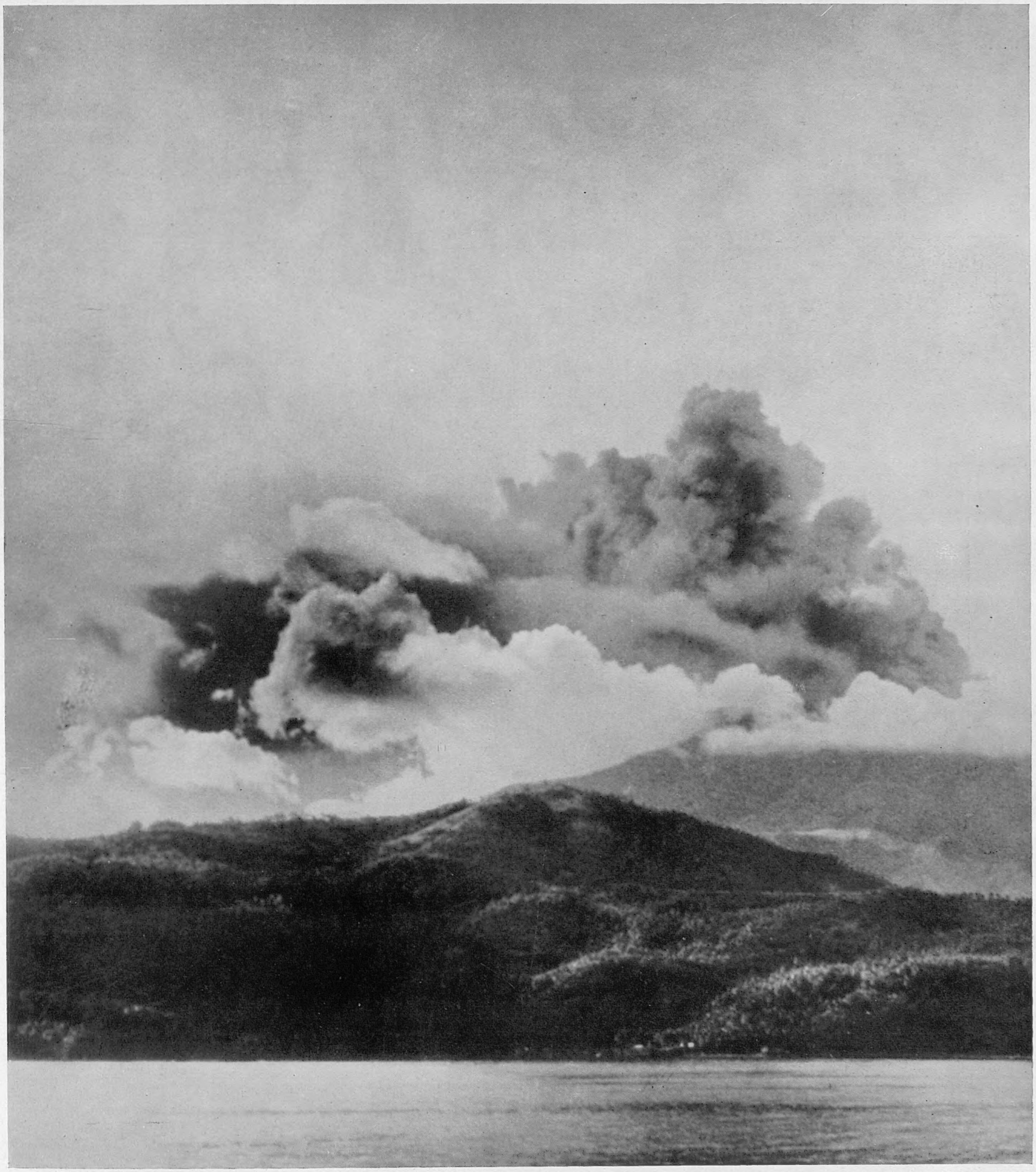

A DEATH-DEALING CLOUD OVER THE PHILIPPINES—THE HUGE ATOMIC-LIKE PALL OF SMOKE AND ASHES RISING ABOVE MOUNT HIBOK HIBOK, ON CAMIGUIN ISLAND, DURING THE RECENT ERUPTIONS IN WHICH OVER 640 PEOPLE LOST THEIR LIVES AND NO FEWER THAN TEN VILLAGES WERE UTTERLY DESTROYED : The eruptions have laid waste vast stretches of Camiguin, and a United States Army colonel who flew over the area after the fourth eruption declared that Camiguin looked like a burning ship.

The eruption of Mount Hibok Hibok has been the most calamitous happening in South-east Asia since the Mount Lamington disaster. Ten villages now lie buried beneath ash and lava between the volcano and the north shore of Camiguin. About four-fifths of the inhabitants of those villages perished, and the rest have been evacuated either to other parts of Camiguin or to other islands. Philippine naval vessels south of Manila were rushed to Camiguin to help in the evacuation work, and United States Air Force planes flew in to Camiguin carrying Philippine Red Cross workers, blood plasma and other supplies. One of the major post-eruption troubles has been that ashes from the volcano have polluted the water supply, and this has added to the misery of refugees fleeing from the north side of the stricken island. Many of the islanders are facing hunger, as the refugees have made inroads on their slender reserves in the various towns and villages through which they have passed. Following the Camiguin eruptions came the news that the Central Philippines had been swept by a great typhoon, 174 people being killed and thousands rendered homeless.

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MR. TRUMAN FACES CORRUPTION PROBLEMS

MR. TRUMAN CUTS SHORT HIS STAY AT THE WINTER WHITE HOUSE IN FLORIDA AND RETURNS TO WASHINGTON: Mrs. Truman and Miss Margaret Truman with the President on his arrival in Washington. He denied that any crisis had brought him back to the Federal capital, but later he conferred with his law officers about the mounting reports of corruption in his administration.

MR. T. LAMAR CAUDLE, WHO HAS BEEN DISMISSED FROM HIS POST AS ASSISTANT ATTORNEY-GENERAL IN CHARGE OF THE TAX DIVISION: Mr. Caudle was dismissed by the President last month for "activities which are incompatible with the duties of his office." Mr. Caudle is only one of many who have been testifying in Washington on tax-evasion matters, and he is seen here in three typical poses on the witness stand. For about a year there have been reports of irregularities involving income-tax collection in the United States. Since last September a House of Representatives Ways and Means Sub-Committee has been conducting open hearings into the situation. The disclosures to date have shocked public opinion, and there are still more to come. The hearings will continue for another six months, and a separate investigation will start in San Francisco on January 7.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD IN A "CAUSE CÉLÈBRE"

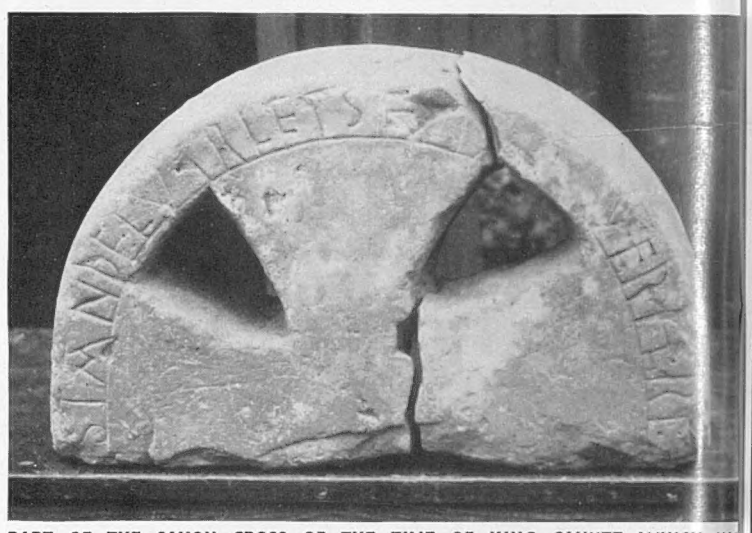
TALLULAH BANKHEAD CONFERS WITH HER LAWYER: The celebrated actress with Mr. Donald F. Seawall in an anteroom at the Criminal Court Building, New York, where the case against her former maid and secretary, Mrs. Cronin, has been up for hearing. The case has taken a most spectacular line, with Miss Bankhead, as the star witness, getting all the limelight, most of all when the judge ordered all witnesses out of court. Miss Bankhead was the only witness, and it gave her her cue for turning her back on hundreds of fascinated eyes and to make her spectacular progress from the court under the gaze of the television cameras. The flamboyant counsel defending Mrs. Cronin (who is accused of stealing £1,500 from Miss Bankhead by altering thirty-two cheques) has made a plea for a mis-trial. Miss Bankhead is spending too much time with reporters, he said. The judge rejected the plea. Miss Bankhead's income tax was discussed in court and it was explained that she had claimed against a single year's income tax, living expenses in New York £2,500, out of New York £6,000.

A London Newsletter

INGRAM HOUSE, 195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

But Once a Year.—"Christmas comes but once a year. . . ." The rest of the quotation has ceased of late years to be very true or topical. It is in this issue that I must offer my Christmas greetings to readers old and new, old and young. And I do it as heartily, I would like to say as hopefully, as when I first ventured to greet my readers (if any) twenty-six or twenty-seven years ago. They were all strangers to me then, and some of them, like me, are now a good deal younger in years and enthusiasm. To-day, "thirty years on," I claim a great number of them as among my oldest friends. They live all over the earth's face. I know the names of scores of them and something of their family life, their difficulties and their habits of mind and living. Year after year, the traditional charm of Christmas begins to work, not perhaps (as in old days) in August, but certainly early in November, and I receive evidence of their good will in Christmas cards and letters, and, even now, in 1951, in food parcels from lands across the seas less austere than this island. I thought food parcels were a thing of the past, but not so. In the sweltering summer down-under, SPHERE readers remember and despatch plum puddings and other rare and delicious Christmas fare to us, who hold the old and rather ruined fort from which the Commonwealth, and even those United States, drew their forefather pioneers. There is a lot to be said for Christmas and its charm.

"Till Boxing-Day."—There should be a Private Member's Bill "to extend the Christmas season and spirit from December to November next, prox.; and by international agreement to give the Measure global application." Then we might perhaps realise some small part of the Christmas message "to them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death," and I might get a food parcel of Vodka and sturgeon-roe from Stalin and Molotov. Christmas comes but once a year and at an odd time. We are very illogical in this island. Summer and summer holidays begin when "the days are drawing-in." Winter begins (and lasts all too long) after Christmas, when the sun pauses and turns, and the days once more are "drawing-out." But slowly, how slowly! We manage somehow in our cold, cheerless houses to pretend until after Christmas that it is autumn still, the months of "mist and mellow fruitfulness"; but that pretence is no longer possible when the holly and decorations are taken down. Then at last we settle down to an "endless" winter of austerity and sometimes of discontent. So, by and large, there is a lot to be said for Christmas and its spiritual and material warmth and cheer—a *mi-carême* and a pleasant memory. But it *is* a thousand pities that Christians start milling again on Boxing Day, and substitute so quickly mutual k.o.s for good will and brotherhood. However, it is a very old human custom, and I don't suppose it will be otherwise this year or next, despite all the efforts of the Churches.



PART OF THE SAXON CROSS OF THE TIME OF KING CANUTE WHICH HAS BEEN UNEARTHED DURING RECONSTRUCTION WORK TO THE BOMB-DAMAGED LONDON CHURCH OF ALLHALLOWS-BARKING-BY-THE-TOWER: The new find has been made about a foot beneath the floor of the nave. It has been buried for over 1,000 years, and it still bears traces of the colours with which an ancient craftsman ornamented it. Allhallows is the historic church which has a history going back to A.D. 675. For the past twenty-nine years the Vicar has been the Rev. P. B. Clayton, of Toc H fame. A pit was being dug for a steel girder when the Vicar noticed the stone. With him were Mr. S. F. Hassell, clerk of works, and Mr. G. Tisshaw, verger. Confirmation of the stone as a Saxon cross followed an examination by Dr. C. A. Ralegh Radford, late Director of the British School in Rome.

The King Has His Own Again.—The revocation of the appointment of Counsellors of State satisfied the nation that the King's recovery was assured. The thanksgiving of the Churches for his recovery was not, if we turn the pages of recent history, so convincing a proof. We most of us remember another Thanksgiving when the King's father drove to St. Paul's to render thanks for *his* restoration to health when he was fit only for his bed and all the alleviating devices of medical science. But the act of revocation confirms this miracle of healing, and we may be thankful with a sound basis for our relief and gratitude. It is the nation's prayer, and almost demand, that for months to come he will go slow, resuming his vital functions one by one with every precaution, neglecting no means of shortening the hours of duty, and employing his hours of recreation with no less precaution. For my part, I hope that on some mild and sunny morning round Christmas, he will be able to calibrate his light guns on the Frankfort or Dersingham beats and bring them down at Paston's Clump as efficiently as ever, as efficiently as his father could do it at the same age. But the same precautions which alone enabled his father to carry on with his vital tasks after illness must govern the King's hours of work and recreation until he is completely restored to physical and mental vigour.

Slow to Anger.—I wonder sometimes whether the British public of to-day have any affinity at all with their ancestors of the Victorian Age—those ancestors who approved the war of Jenkins' Ear, who thrilled to the cry of *Civis Romanus Sum*, who beat up "General Hyena" because he was a cruel thug. Whether we are emasculated, or members of a slave state, or far too deeply interested in the cost of living or keeping warm, or in football or racehorse-doping, I do not know, but I think we are slower to ange than our fathers, when I scan the Press and he the talk of the day, while our soldiers and co scripts are being daily, almost hourly, done to deat by assassins in Egypt, Malaya and elsewhere. Eve if the answer is, "there is nothing we can do about it, that answer does not, with me, account for our apathy It is unnatural in a race never remarkable for logi and for centuries remarkable for fierce individualis and intolerance of governmental failure. If we ha any of the spirit of our grandfathers, we should lon since have indicated in some tempestuous way tha we feel strongly about this sacrifice of our sons b the assassins of a race of half-men, themselves incapabl of self-defence or self-government. I should hav expected that no Egyptian would dare to show hi face in any territory where Britons walk abroad As things are, it is exactly *vice versa*. The one man who appears to feel a sense of outrage and humiliation is General Erskine, who is on the spot and responsible for our soldiers in the Zone. I suppose we are t expect his un-gumming soon, because he refused t listen to the diplomats' pleading that he should turn the other cheek and air his "grievances" through the usual channel of talking-shops. It is odd that i should be the Egyptians who threaten to break o diplomatic relations. The world and the Britis character are indeed upside-down.

Hungarians and Czechs.—Sometimes a ray of light penetrates the Iron Curtain from it eastern side . . . if you can call it light. At any rate it seems that in that darkness there are still a few men not so inured to slavery but to be willing to risk their lives to tell the freer world of the horror o existence under the heel of Communism. In Hungary an active underground movement still works as best it can in the face of starvation and deportation, and that Resistance prays for help to continue its work of liberation. And life in Czechoslovakia is the old story of Nazism, a world of police spies and forced labour camps, where every worker suspects his mate and anxiously awaits his own denouncement as a traitor to the State, a Jew or a "class-enemy." In Hungary, the land of corn, the ration of bread would not satisfy a chicken. In once highly-industrialised, proud and efficient Czechoslovakia, the output from the factories may be large, but it is got by terror and the whip, and not by craftsmen pride. Who knows whether it may not be Stalin's fear of the "atom bomb" fused in the satellite countries rather than the American stockpile which still postpones a third world war? Who would deride the prophecy that a very few years hence Russia may find her monstrous regime and tyranny hoist on her own petard?

Plaster Doves.—Many a would-be art collector has made do with a plaster-cast of a famous statue. It is a "second-best," but its popularity is understandable and even forgivable. And by analogy, the longing for peace may be in some sort appeased by acquiring a plaster dove for £1 in lieu of the real article. At any rate, about 150 people last week carried off plaster doves (some of them shop-soiled or chipped) from the South Bank disposal sale. In their nature these ornaments will mercifully not quite do to set among the gnomes in suburban gardens, but they will look fine in the parlours of 150 homes of peace-starved Englishmen. There were chairs for sale also up to £2 10s. The plastic-covered spring chairs went best. The metal chairs, perforated for drainage, were less in demand. If they were anything

like the old strip-metal garden type, I don't wonder. In any weather, those metal chairs were too airy and cool and angular for comfort, and had a nasty habit of imprinting a permanent pattern on trouser-seats. But the sale cleared nearly 2,000 chairs and all the recognisable doves, and many a buyer of South Bank souvenirs went empty away. Still, some homes will be brighter this Christmas. I forget who won the race for the skylon. I know that one noble owner of a stately home of England wanted it to advertise his stock-in-trade. Never was it more necessary for all of us to foster our national characteristics and uphold our reputation as a nation of shopkeepers and souvenir-hunters. We are doing it quite well.

Cricket News.—It is pleasant to keep to the convention that the Christmas Newsletter should as far as possible be "reading without tears" and contain as little as may be of international dispute and stalemate. That being said, a word on cricket is quite topical, for the sun never sets on cricket and the Commonwealth. It is a popular game down-under during Christmas holidays. I note that Colonel Rait-Kerr intends to resign. He has been since 1936 a very popular and successful Secretary to the M.C.C. and did wonders in very thin times. The work of his office has expanded enormously, and two years ago a second Assistant Secretary was found necessary. A decline in attendances at County matches last summer was a bad sign, to which Colonel Rait-Kerr called attention only the other day. He put his finger very tactfully on what he believed to be the prime cause of this decline. He suggested that the star players, especially on the first day of a County match, might well attempt "a more practical approach" to the business of cricket—making runs and getting wickets. This is a delightful phrase of diplomacy. We know what he meant; and many people would have welcomed his saying it more crudely and frankly. The tempo of human life is for ever quickening and (unless on a golden summer's day, that rarity) there are no longer to be collected round a green many thousand people content to watch runs coming at the rate of 40 an hour, with a certain draw in sight by tea-time. Cricket is *not* as safe as our Monarchy. There are breakers ahead, and Colonel Rait-Kerr has heard them roaring, and in his time he and the treasurer have done a lot to recruit youth for the old game, which depends on schoolboys; and to whip up the

PRINCESS ELIZABETH GREETING LADY IFAN EDWARDS AT THE BICENTENARY CONVERSAZIONE OF THE HONOURABLE CYMMRODORION SOCIETY HELD IN ST. JAMES'S PALACE: During the evening the Princess accepted the Cymmrodorion Medal presented by the Society to persons whose work for Wales and Welsh literature, science and art has made them persons of whom Welshmen could rightly be proud.

stars to more adventurous action. Statistics are the curse of cricket to a greater degree than starched wickets and weeping summers, and the constant urge for speed, change and variety among the young.

Food Values and Delusions.—Dr. Hill, Private Secretary to the Food Ministry, has already earned laurels as a debunker. And now that he speaks for the nation's food, it is natural enough that he should use his considerable powers to dispose of some centuries-old legends about food and some of those put out by his hard-pressed predecessors in office. Sugar is not necessary for children. It is a mere carbohydrate. Cheese and meat are not bad for children—on the contrary. Fish is not a brain-food, nor can you make your hair curl by eating crusts or cure chest disorders by eating onions. But if you heartily believe that a certain food will improve your health, it probably will, since faith is the greatest doctor in the *Medical Directory*. The wise child, therefore, will tell its nanny or mother that it feels definitely better, wiser and stronger after absorbing sugar in any form. In the last decades we have been taught that foods in short supply are not worth eating, while parsnips and artichokes and whale-meat can build up centenarians. THE OLD STAGER

GENERAL RIDGWAY PAYS A VISIT TO THE CARRIER TASK FORCE OFF THE KOREAN COAST

THE FOUR-STAR GENERAL WHO GOES HIS ROUNDS IN BATTLE KIT: General Matthew B. Ridgway, the Commander-in-Chief of the United Nations Forces, being welcomed by Rear-Admiral J. J. Clark, the Commander of Task Force 77, aboard his flagship, the aircraft-carrier U.S.S. *Bon Homme Richard*. The meeting took place off the Korean coast, and the General flew in to the carrier and landed on the flight-deck in a U.S. naval plane. General Ridgway is a familiar figure in battle-dress with grenades ready for use attached to his harness. General Ridgway's task during recent months has been one of increasing difficulty, his problem being to maintain the fighting spirit of the United Nations forces in the midst of cease-fire negotiations which have continually broken down. The General's time is divided between his Tokyo headquarters, his visits to General Van Fleet, Commander of the Eighth Army, at the front, and his visits to Admiral Joy, the United Nations negotiator.

A UNITED STATES MILITARY AIR TRANSPORT CRASHES IN THE MOUNTAINS OF PROVENCE

THE TRAGIC END OF A MEDITERRANEAN MISSION: A United States Air Force sergeant points to part of the wreckage of the crashed American transport at the spot where it fell 3,000 ft. up on the Joug de L'Aigle, in the Sainte Baume hills thirty miles east of Marseilles. The cargo plane, with ten people on board, had just crossed the Mediterranean from Wheelus Field, the United States base near Tripoli. It disappeared after the pilot had sent out a message to the effect that the plane was going to land at Marseilles in 16 minutes and that its present position was forty miles out to sea. Units all along the Riviera sought the plane, and eventually the fatal spot in the mountains was located and a land expedition was organised. All the ten occupants of the plane lost their lives.

THE WEST GERMAN FEDERAL CHANCELLOR ADDRESSES THE COUNCIL OF EUROPE IN STRASBOURG

TO BE OR NOT TO BE A BIG EUROPE—THE WEST GERMAN FEDERAL CHANCELLOR, DR. KONRAD ADENAUER, ADDRESSING THE ASSEMBLY OF THE COUNCIL OF EUROPE IN STRASBOURG: The Chancellor told the Assembly that two sharp alternatives were being presented to them. Between functionalism and federalism, a little Europe and a big Europe, intermediary courses are possible, he declared. Britain is needed as a partner, he affirmed, but her non-participation now was no reason for not beginning now. West Germany's policy, Dr. Adenauer said, is positive, active and concrete. She favours progress step by step. The Chancellor said he could not visualise a European Army without a political organ and parliamentary control of the budget exercised through an Assembly. Two days after Dr. Adenauer's speech the nature of the political control to be exercised over a European Army was decided in outline by the Foreign Ministers of the six Continental countries concerned. Further work on financial and defence points is now being carried out by a committee of experts. The dilemma whether full-blooded action towards European federation should take place continued to split the Consultative Assembly right up to the last day of the session.

THE ROAD-BUILDING EMERGENCY IN THE CANAL ZONE

THE ROAD-PLANNERS GO TO WORK: The Governor of Suez, Ibrahim Zoki El Kholi Bey, discussing with British officers their plans for the demolition of houses and the construction of a new road from the Treaty Zone to the water-filtration plant outside Suez. Standing on the left is Brigadier Greenacre, General George Erskine's deputy. This operation by the British Army to clear a road through part of a village near Suez was designed to ensure the security of a vital water-filtration plant, and was completed without incident. The operation was necessary because the guards at the filtration plant were in danger of being sniped at from the housetops or having bombs thrown at them from near by. (See also pages 476-477 of this issue, with pictures showing the demolition work in progress in the area.)

STRASBOURG, AND POINTS EAST

Some Centres of Tension in Europe and Asia in the Passing Days of 1951

THE RESIGNATION OF PAUL HENRY SPAAK

THE BELGIAN POLITICAL LEADER WHO HAS RESIGNED FROM THE CHAIR OF THE CONSULTATIVE ASSEMBLY OF THE COUNCIL OF EUROPE BECAUSE HE DOES NOT APPROVE OF THE TIMID POLICY OF THE ASSEMBLY: M. Spaak stated after his resignation that he now regains full freedom of action and that he can now take his stand in the fight for Europe. A motion in the Assembly asking him to reconsider his decision was passed unanimously, with two British Labour delegates abstaining, Mr. Gordon Walker and Mr. Jones. M. Spaak has made it plain that he has felt frustrated at the Assembly's failure to measure up to an historical opportunity. The Assembly, he has said, is dying from sheer wisdom. He recalled the scene in Bernard Shaw's play *St. Joan* when the young man who was to be Joan's companion in her battles, said in effect: "Let us follow the mad. We see where the wise men have led us."

PERSIA'S PARLIAMENTARY REFUGEES

TAKING SANCTUARY IN THE MAJLIS : Jamal Imami, spokesman of the fifteen Persian Opposition deputies who last week sought refuge from terrorists in the Parliament building in Teheran and who stated that they would stay there until the Mossadek Government was overthrown. Jamal Imami is seated on his bed wearing pyjamas and a dressing-gown. His bed was set up in a committee room.

SOME OF THE EDITORS AND DIRECTORS OF PERSIAN OPPOSITION NEWSPAPERS WHO ALSO SOUGHT SANCTUARY IN THE PERSIAN PARLIAMENT BUILDING : The editors are seen sitting around in their committee-room home. They claimed that their lives were being threatened by terrorists and that they were ordered to stop campaigning against Dr. Mossadek. M. Asrafi, the editor of the Moderate Independent newspaper *Ateche*, one of nine Opposition papers wrecked during recent rioting at Teheran, has stated : "Either our dead bodies will be taken out of this Majlis or the Mossadek Government will fall."

LIBYA'S KING-DESIGNATE AND HIS PRIME MINISTER AT TRIPOLI

LIBYA UPON THE VERGE OF ASSUMING HER PLACE IN THE FAMILY OF NATIONS : Sayed Mohammed Idris el Senussi, King-designate of the new State in Africa, seen with the Prime Minister of his Provisional Government, Mahmoud Bey Muntassar (left), and the Grand Cadi of Tripoli (second from right). Dr. Pelt, the United Nations Commissioner in Libya, has announced that Libya will continue to need financial and technical assistance through the United Nations.

WITH A GOATSKIN ROUND HIS SHOULDERS AND AN UNSHAKABLE RESOLVE IN HIS HEART : Mohammed Ali Shoshtary seated on his bed on the floor of the Persian Parliament in Teheran. Together with his fourteen other colleagues and the Opposition newspaper editors he was determined to remain there.

ANOTHER COUP D'ETAT IS STAGED IN THE POLITICALLY-TROUBLED SYRIAN STATE

On right—
THE NEW HEAD OF THE SYRIAN STATE WITH HIS CABINET : Colonel Fawzi Selou seen in his office at Damascus after the announcement that he had been made head of both the legislative and executive branches of the State, becoming President, Prime Minister and Defence Minister. The power behind the scenes in Syria is Colonel Adib el Sheshekly, Chief of the Army General Staff, who recently staged a military coup against the Populist Government headed by Dr. Marouf Dawaleeby. Syria has now had four coups in three years.

ARMY ROADMAKERS IN THE CANAL ZONE—A CENTURION TANK BACKS INTO THE MUD WALL OF AN EGYPTIAN HUT: Men of the 16th Independent Parachute Brigade stand by as the operation of knocking down part of El Ganaien village, near Suez, gets under way. This measure was taken to build a road which will ensure the safety of a filtration plant providing drinking water for the British troops stationed in the area.

Destruction at El Ganaien

Part of an Egyptian Hamlet is Demolished by British Troops for the Construction of a Vital Strategic Road

On December 7 Lieut.-General Sir George Erskine, G.O.C. British Troops in Egypt, announced that units under his command were to "bulldoze several Egyptian mud-houses out of the way" in driving a new, safe road through to the vital Suez water-filtration plant, which was at that time practically isolated from the British garrison. He added that Egypt had asked for a week to consider proposals about this road, but that he had decided to go ahead with the scheme at once. The Egyptian Minister of the Interior said later the same day that "The Egyptian Government had instructed the Governor of Suez to order Egyptian police to resist by force British operations if carried out by force," but in spite of this, General Erskine's men went ahead. Long before the sun rose over the Canal, Egyptians living in the doomed houses had fled and only an occasional goat or chicken seeking its lost owner remained as evidence of their existence. The Army believed at first that it would be necessary to demolish some seventy-five huts, but it was found later that fifty were sufficient. The owners of these, it has been announced, will be compensated by the British Government. With men of the 16th Independent Parachute Brigade on guard, bulldozers and Centurion tanks began the work of demolition. A bridge over the Sweet Water Canal was completed before nightfall and the road itself early next day. In spite of Egyptian threats, no resistance was offered by their police, and the whole operation was completed without incident. The British authorities later denied Egyptian reports that jet planes and artillery had been used to cover troops working on the scheme.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PART OF EL GANAIEN WHICH WAS RAZED TO MAKE WAY FOR A NEW STRATEGIC ROAD: Bulldozers and Centurion tanks were used in the operation, which was under the command of Brigadier Darling. These mud-brick hovels had been used by Egyptian terrorists for sniping at British troops guarding the water-filtration plant nearby. El Ganaien means "The Gardens," but whatever flowers grew there in the past have long since disappeared from the scene.

STRIPPED TO THE WAIST, BRITISH TROOPS COMPLETE THE DESTRUCTION OF THE VILLAGE HUTS : Egyptian police at first offered to protect troops employed on this work, but would only do so if armed. General Erskine, however, said he could not accept the presence of armed police near his men.

THE DUST OF DESTRUCTION : Two soldiers standing in the turret of a Centurion tank keep watch for possible trouble as their machine churns the mud bricks of another hut to dust. Sniping at British troops and vehicles continues throughout the Canal Zone.

ANOTHER HUT AT EL GANAIEN FALLS BENEATH THE TRACKS OF A BRITISH TANK : The new road which has been built through the village to the isolated company of the Buffs guarding the water plant has now been completed, and the possibility of further incidents in this part of the Canal Zone has been considerably lessened.

FROM THE ROOF OF A TWO-STOREYED BUILDING A BRITISH SOLDIER WATCHES FOR SNIPERS : Adequately guarded by sentinels like this one and by a battalion of paratroopers, engineers engaged on building the new road and bridge were able to complete their work without terrorist interruption.

MASSINE'S SCOTTISH BALLET PREMIERE

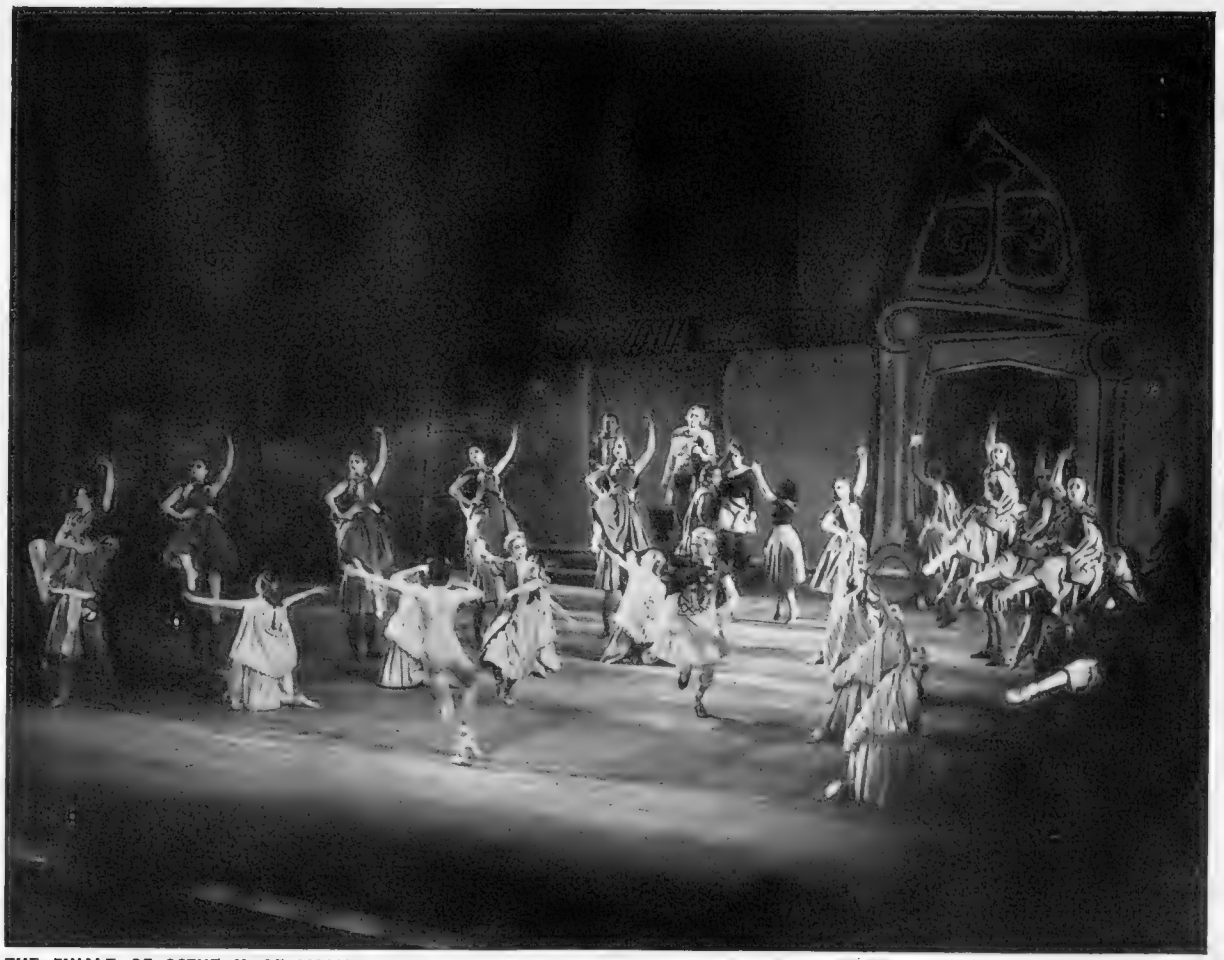
Its First Performance at Covent Garden is Followed by a Party in the Crush Bar

AFTER THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF MASSINE'S NEW BALLET "DONALD OF THE BURTHENS": Sir Arthur Bliss, Lady Bliss and Lord Wakehurst attend the party given in the crush bar of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

TWO BRIGHT STARS IN THE CONSTELLATION OF BALLET AND OPERA: Miss Margot Fonteyn, the Sadler's Wells ballerina, seen at the Covent Garden crush-bar party with Theodore Uppman, who sings the title-role of the new opera *Billy Budd* by Benjamin Britten.

BALLERINA PAMELA MAY: One of the Sadler's Wells stars talking with Philip Richardson.

PUTTING IT ON RECORD: Massine, with his cine-camera, records the performance of his new ballet from the Royal tier of Covent Garden.



THE FINALE OF SCENE II OF MASSINE'S REMARKABLE NEW BALLET "DONALD OF THE BURTHENS": This Scottish ballet, which had its premiere last week, derives from the medieval vogue of the "Dance of Death." The new spectacle is remarkable, thanks to Alexander Grant's gifts as a grotesque dancer, also for Beryl Gray's impersonation of Death in the form of a scarlet snake. In this new ballet there is an attractive series of stylised Scottish dances.

THE TWO DANCERS WHO CONTRIBUTE TO THE EERIE FANTASY OF "DONALD OF THE BURTHENS": *Left*—Beryl Gray as Death is clad in a red skin-tight one-piece garment. *Right*—Alexander Grant, a New Zealander of Scottish descent, who plays the part of Donald. Donald's burthen is wood, for he is a wood-carrier until Death claims his services and makes him a doctor. He outwits Death on one occasion, but eventually she outwits him, and then he dies. The ballet, despite its seemingly sombre theme, is really a comedy, the plot being spiced with wry humour.

MOURNING IN THE MEDWAY TOWNS

THE FUNERAL SERVICES FOR THE ROYAL MARINE CADETS KILLED IN THE TRAGIC ROAD ACCIDENT AT GILLINGHAM

THE CIVIC FUNERAL SERVICE IN ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL FOR TWENTY OF THE TWENTY-FOUR CADETS WHO WERE KILLED IN THE ROAD ACCIDENT AT GILLINGHAM ON DECEMBER 4 WHEN A BUS OVERRAN A MARCHING COLUMN: The procession of clergy is seen leaving the Cathedral after the service, which was attended by relatives, friends, high-ranking officers and civic dignitaries of the three Medway towns which have been in deep mourning. Silent crowds, standing five and six deep, listened outside Rochester Cathedral to the relayed memorial service and thousands more lined the four miles between the Cathedral and Gillingham Cemetery, where the interment took place. Dr. Chavasse delivered the address, the keynote of which was a ringing denunciation of the idol of speed on the roads. Speaking as a father, the Bishop said: "The great human heart of the whole Western world beats as one to-day, shocked at our Medway tragedy and mourning with you at the pitiful loss of your grand little lads." Speaking as "a citizen," Dr. Chavasse said: "The anguish of this ceremony has awakened the conscience of the whole country to the social sin of the continuous slaughter of innocents on our high roads."

THE FUNERAL SERVICE FOR THE THREE ROMAN CATHOLIC CADETS: This service took place in the Church of Our Lady, Gillingham, and was conducted by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Southwark. Among those present were the Mayors of Rochester, Chatham and Gillingham. A fourth cadet was buried after a private service.

THE LAST RITES AT THE GRAVESIDE AT GILLINGHAM AFTER THE MILE-LONG FUNERAL CORTEGE HAD PROCEEDED THROUGH THE MOURNING STREETS FROM ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL: *Left*—Pall-bearers lowering one of the coffins to its appointed place. *Right*—The pall-bearers standing beside the assembled coffins before they were lowered into the graves on a special plot of ground in the Naval Reservation, above which it seems probable that a joint memorial will in due course be erected.

FOREIGN COMMENTARY

A Survey in Pictures

WITH NOTES
BY FERDINAND TUOHY

1. MASS HOUSING IN MOROCCO.—While Egypt tried vainly—at U.N.O., in Paris—to spearhead a general Muslim offensive against France in Morocco, French on the spot were getting along with the mass housing of Moroccans on imaginative lines in the best tradition of Marshal Lyautey, who never failed to apply an artist's eye to local building and utilities.

The master-plan calls for "pocket" medinas (native quarters) of 9,000 inhabitants outside large and growing towns, commencing with Casablanca, which already has several side by side—and as different as could be, in all save whiteness, from the old outsize medina, or native city, which survives pungently and primitively in the heart of this North African metropolis.

When I was in "Casa" in 1939, the population was 180,000. It is now 700,000. And to-morrow? Every indication that Casablanca will be climbing the second million ere the end of this decade, so coming into the class of those great Latin-American ports which have dominated the South Atlantic from its eastern coastline.

By that time—1960—290,000 new housing units should have been completed for the native population, and by "housing unit" I mean a Moorish-style bungalow with a 26-sq.-ft. courtyard, or shaded patio. Enough of these stone and stucco homes to hold 9,000 people are encircled by four or five walls. Each "pocket" medina is a self-sufficing neighbourhood, with streets running across and down it. The buildings round the walls are usually a storey taller than the rest.

I prefer "pocket" to "mushroom" in describing these new little medinas, because "mushroom" suggests something run up with accent on speed, not durability. French Morocco's housing problem is there indefinitely. It is not due to a sudden increment of births, rather to a big move to town of country folk drawn by an industrialisation which can only increase in volume as United States citizens betray an ever greater interest in the Sultan's vastly promising land.

The Americans already have seven air bases and a host of go-getters in various forms of business, and what the twain has done to the local "way of life" is, to say the least, incisive. So it's fitting that the new little medinas should have been ushered into life partly thanks to counterpart aid and machinery furnished by the Marshall Plan. French funds financed the rest.

The show "medinette" is Ain Choch at Casablanca's southern portals. This prototype shows that space and hygiene have been striven for, though how long the latter will last, must be viewed as a gamble. Anyway, each bungalow with patio covers 676 sq. ft. of ground, which works out at about 160 inhabitants an acre. The improvement of that on the densely overcrowded average kasbah and medina requires no elaboration.

To reduce rent, these *pavillons mauresques* can be divided temporarily into two parts for sharing. This reduces the rent for each family to 16s. a month—a charge which can be afforded by even the lowest-paid Moroccan workers. To this extent a novelty like Ain Choch, bestowed by the West upon African workers drawn to a highly industrialised modern centre, conjures what might be done on a Continental basis if President Truman's Point Four—aid to backward areas—ever really got going.

What about the whites in all this? After all, 'twas they who built up to-day's Casablanca which, only forty-four years ago, consisted of an old Moorish citadelle with a native village and port clustering about it. That was when General d'Amade hoisted the Tricolor at the head of a handful of Marines. Well, this "Casa" has 300,000 Europeans, and more and more French people, and capital, are arriving from a so uncertain Europe.

So Casablanca's whites are also to have their new "*cités*" away from the Big Town. The first of these, called "*la Partie de Bourgogne*" and housing 10,000 of European stock, has already been built.

2 and 3. BROWNING IN TEXAS.—If Robert Browning had popped up in Bawston, it would hardly have been out of character. In that burg the patrician Cabots were rhymed to "speak only unto God," and we know how the often bewildering poet of "Sordello" caused something akin to be linked with his name. But what is there to be said when the largest collection of Browningania in the world turns up in Texas? What indeed—except that the Americans are an unpredictable people?

It isn't as if the film of the Barretts of Wimpole Street had done it, for Dr. A. J. Armstrong, professor of English at Baylor University, Waco District, started collecting his material forty years ago. Now

1. CASABLANCA'S VAST NEW HOUSING ENTERPRISE: Houses on the new estate for native workers at Ain Choch, a fast-growing suburb of the Moroccan seaport where post-war development has been on an elaborate scale.

2 AND 3. WHERE TEXANS "BRUSH UP" ON BROWNING: *Above*—The front of the new Armstrong-Browning Library at Baylor University, Waco, Texas. *On left*—An alcove of the "foyer of meditation" within the new building.

4. THE FIRST LAND DISTRIBUTION TO PEASANTS IN CENTRAL ITALY: Amitore Fanfani (centre of balcony), the Italian Minister of Agriculture, addressing the gathering at the distribution ceremony at Cerveteri, 40 miles from Rome.

5. RETURN TO BANGKOK OF PRINCESS UBAL RATANA AND HER MOTHER, THE QUEEN OF SIAM: The Princess is carried by the Royal nurse.

6. SWEARING-IN THE NEW SWISS NATIONAL ASSEMBLY: Members of the Assembly are seen raising their hands in affirmation as the Swiss Federal Chancellor read out the oath to them.

7. THE RELEASE OF ARCHBISHOP STEPINAC: The Yugoslav Primate leaving his cell at Belgrade.

8. SEEKING LEADERSHIP OF NATIONALIST CHINA: General Li Tsung Jen and his wife in New York.

9. THE INTERNATIONAL STATISTICAL CONFERENCE IN DELHI: Dr. Rajendra Prasad, President of the Republic, delivering the inaugural address. Beside him are Pandit Nehru and Dr. Stuart A. Rice.

there is enough to merit a special building which has been named the Armstrong-Browning Library, A coming before B. Handy is a " foyer of meditation," and, come to think of it, Texans may have to do a heck of a lot of that, getting the meaning. Americans just think of everything.

4. **ITALIAN LAND DISTRIBUTION.**—The land makes news in Italy, big news, now bad, now good. In this overcrowded Peninsula, where the population has gone up by 5,000,000 since pre-war days and is still rising by 400,000 a year, with only 100,000 difficultly emigrating, the flood disaster of the Po Valley, in the North, struck a chord of union among all Italians, the like of which had not been witnessed since pre-ideological times. That the Valley was known as " The Red Po " made no difference. Gifts in money and kind poured in, from Como to Taranto.

It will take long to re-establish the 200,000 who have suffered, yet that is not to hold up the expropriation and redistribution of land to new peasant owners all over Italy. The change-over was begun in harsh Calabria, in the South. Now the first farmlands in Central Italy have passed to their new proletarian proprietors. A ceremony marked the handing-over, by lot, of 1,500 acres at Cerveteri, forty miles north-west of Rome.

About one-tenth of the total transfer envisaged has been accomplished—90,000 acres out of 900,000 acres listed for expropriation. Yet this can be little more than an hors d'œuvre if the nation is to draw any real social solace from the scheme, a revolutionary one viewed by standards of only yesterday. The Central Italian inauguration affected precisely 156 peasants.

5. **TURMOIL IN SIAM.**—Neither the presence at his side of pretty nineteen-year-old Queen Sirikit and baby daughter " Diamond Lotus," fruit of a Lake Geneva love-match, nor the plaudits of 100,000 along a two-mile drive could force a smile from twenty-three-year-old King Phumiphol as he returned to Bangkok after five years of almost continuous studies at Lausanne.

His last brief visit to Siam in March 1950 had been for the cremation of his brother, King Ananda, assassinated in 1946, and for a quick coronation and Buddhist marriage prior to a return to Europe. Now here was a coup d'état to welcome him back again! In fact, two coups d'état, for Marshal Pibul, " overthrown " at eventide, was back in the morning. In the devious way of Siamese politics, the juggle facilitated a reintroduction of the 1932 Absolute Monarchy.

A Royal letter sent from Switzerland through the Press to the Siamese people had aroused fears that the young King might upset the apple-cart by introducing too liberalising reforms, so the Absolute Monarchy, by which, in contemporary Siam's case, the Monarch acts exclusively through Government, was thought to be prudent.

There are reports that the Royal Family are as good as prisoners in the palace.

What happens in Siam is of high import to the Western Powers. Relatively prosperous and contented, Siam is a bulwark against Communism in South-East Asia, as was finally proved when Pibul risked sending the first Asiatic contingent to the U.N. banner in Korea. With good fortune it should be possible to capitalise King Phumiphol's principal value, which lies in the spiritual realm.

6. **SWISS PARLIAMENT BACK IN SESSION.**—It is " as you were " in the newly-elected Swiss Parliament, meaning a continued anti-Socialist majority among the 196 deputies who represent 4,500,000 inhabitants by P.R. at the rate of one member per 24,000 people. The small Upper House at Berne, counting forty-six members, has three Socialists. Helvetia remains stoutly bourgeois, with the virtues and the reverse of that condition.

7. **STEPINAC RELEASED.**—That the release of Archbishop Stepinac, Catholic Primate of Yugoslavia, may have been in response to repeated American requests and in the hope of receiving due material recognition in course of time, is suggested by the blazing up concurrently of a full attack on the Vatican, directed from the Slovenian, predominantly Catholic, part of Tito's Communist Republic.

Mgr. Stepinac, fifty-three, gaunt and sallow as he left prison after serving five years of a sixteen-year sentence, must live until it expires in his native village of Krasnic unless he gets permission to leave. He may act only as a parish priest, forgetting that he was—is—Archbishop of Zagreb. He may wear his ring, cross and robes only in private.

The Vatican is quite unsatisfied with such a state of affairs and it is now urging that the Archbishop must be allowed to re-assume his full ecclesiastical status. And the Archbishop? He says that, while his future lies entirely in the hands of the Pope, to whom he incessantly refers when answering correspondents, it is a matter of indifference to him, personally, whether he returns to Zagreb or stays at Krasnic. " If necessary, I shall stay here until my death."

8. **RIVAL TO CHIANG.**—From his retreat in the Bronx, former Acting President of Nationalist China, General Li, writes to President Truman, branding Chiang Kai-shek as a usurper. Li's case is that when Chiang retired in 1949 he became a private citizen and had no right subsequently to oust him, Li, and re-become President in 1950. Li says he could act in Formosa but wants to step into Chiang's shoes the peaceful way.

Li repeats all the stock charges against Chiang, whose frailties made him " the incubator for hatching the Communist cannibal." A host of Americans, and not the least powerful, agree, but that is a long way from saying that Mr. Truman will do anything about General Li's approach.

9. **STATISTICS.**—Dr. Stuart A. Rice went to the right place to preside over an International Statistical Conference. He went to New Delhi, along with thirty-seven other national representatives. Working out statistics on all angles of Mother India's teeming millions must come near to being the statistician's terrestrial paradise. The huge population goes up by millions a year. Premier Nehru's first timid verbal steps towards birth-control were badly received.

KOREAN SOLDIERS in a SEABORNE LANDING

Practising Amphibious Exercises at an Island Off the West Coast

KOREAN TROOPS GOING ABOARD THEIR SOMEWHAT RAMSHACKLE INVASION CRAFT AT THE START OF AN AMPHIBIOUS EXERCISE : The infantrymen, well and truly camouflaged for the task in hand, seen as they embarked. The exercise depicted on this page is part of the daily routine at a Korean Army training centre established on one of the islands off the west coast ol Korea. Naval landing craft cannot be spared for training, so local fishing vessels are used. As the war in Korea has progressed, the Republic of Korea troops—or "R.O.K.s," as they are called—have responded well to modern infantry training.

LANDING CRAFT R.O.K. : One of the junks used by South Korean troops for amphibious training on the west coast. Sometimes these junks are used in the actual landings on enemy terrain in order to provide the element of surprise.

On right—
COVERING THE FIRST ADVANCE INLAND : A Bren-gun team seen on the mudflats after staging a practice landing.

CROSSING THE MUDFLATS ON A KOREAN ISLAND AFTER STAGING A MOCK LANDING : Korean infantrymen on the way down the beach to the landing craft in which they staged a surprise invasion. One of the big problems confronting amphibious operations around Korea is the swiftness of the tides, thus involving split-second timing. This was demonstrated very forcibly at the time of the famous Inchon landings, with which MacArthur rounded off the second phase of the present war.

PUSAN, THE WAR-TIME CAPITAL OF A RUINED REPUBLIC

A STREET OF THE BLACK MARKETEERS IN THE WATERFRONT SECTION OF PUSAN: A trader seated beside his wares in the dock area of the southern seaport city which is the chief port of entry into South Korea, both for military and civil supplies. At the start of the Korean war Pusan had a population of 300,000. Now it has 1,300,000, being swollen to these prodigious numbers by the great flood of refugees which came south when the Communists made their last dive across the 38th Parallel. Many of these refugees in and around Pusan are living in conditions of indescribable squalor. The rent of a single room in Pusan is now about £3 a week, whereas the average monthly wage is £6. Meat and eggs are beyond all but the very wealthy. The more fortunate—the skilled artisans—get jobs with the U.N. forces.

TRAFFIC ON THE MOVE IN THE HEART OF MODERN PUSAN, THE CITY WHERE SYNGMAN RHEE AND HIS GOVERNMENT EXIST AMID A MILLION REFUGEES: Pusan is more or less intact, but nearly every factory, bridge, and public utility outside the Pusan perimeter has been destroyed or damaged. The South Korean Republic is ruined financially, for inflation has eaten up the Government's income. There are no funds for rebuilding roads, railways, schools, hospitals and the countless devastated homes of South Korea.

RETURNING FISHING CRAFT BEING TOWED INTO THE HARBOUR AT PUSAN BENEATH THE GREAT BASCULE BRIDGE: Smuggling between Japan and Korea provides a brisk sideline for the watermen of Pusan, who use small boats to bring in illicit goods from larger craft which they meet some miles out to sea.

KOREA: THE "AMETHYST" ON THE HAN RIVER—U.S. TROOPS BUILD DUG-OUT ON THE WESTERN FRONT

H.M.S. "AMETHYST" ON THE WATERS OF THE HAN RIVER, IN SOUTHERN KOREA—THE FAMOUS FRIGATE, WHICH RAN THE GAUNTLET OF THE YANGTSE, SEEN TAKING PART IN THE KOREAN CAMPAIGN: When this picture was taken the vessel was passing close to the shore and feeling her way with some care amid the shallow waters. The *Amethyst* achieved her spectacular feat in the summer and autumn of 1949, when she defied the Communist guns on the Yangtse and later made a successful dash for freedom, which aroused the admiration of the world. Later in the year, when she returned to England, her crew marched through the heart of London to receive the congratulations of the King at Buckingham Palace and the acclaim of the people.

WHILE ALL WAS QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT: During the lull which began in Korea earlier in the autumn, when peace negotiations were under way at Panmunjom, United States infantrymen built these bunkers on a hillside fronting enemy positions. They dug into the hillside to make the foundations, and used logs to provide the rafters for holding up the sandbag roofs.

NOBEL PRIZEGIVINGS IN STOCKHOLM AND OSLO

Winners of the 1951 Awards are Honoured in Scandinavia—M. Jouhaux Receives the Separately Awarded Peace Prize

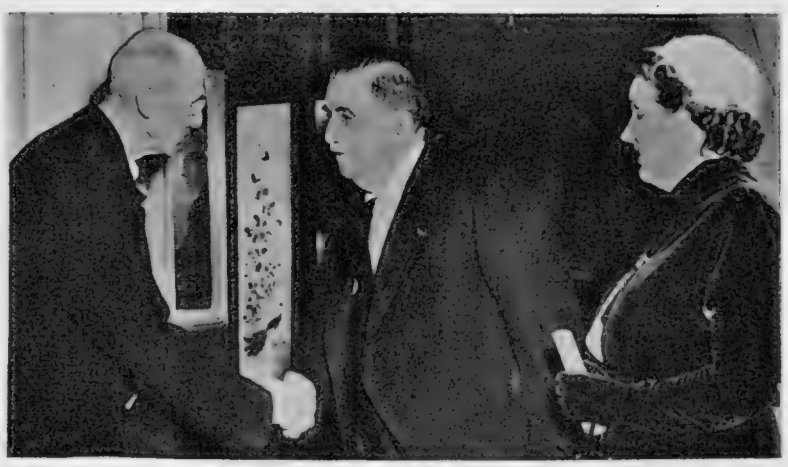
KING GUSTAV ADOLF OF SWEDEN PRESENTING THE NOBEL PHYSICS PRIZE TO SIR JOHN COCKROFT: The award was made at the traditional ceremony at the Stockholm Town Hall. The winners of the Chemistry, Medicine and Literature prizes were similarly honoured by King Gustav, while the winner of the Peace Prize was honoured in Oslo.

Alfred Nobel, the Swedish chemist who died in 1896, left in his will provision for five prizes to be awarded to benefactors of mankind, and to administer this fund he created the Nobel Institute in Stockholm. Four of his prizes are for Physics, Chemistry, Medicine or Physiology, and Literature, and are awarded from Stockholm. The fifth, the Peace Prize, was for some reason best known to Nobel himself placed in the gift of the Norwegian Government, where it still remains. Hence there are two Nobel presentations each year, and both the 1951 ceremonies at Oslo and Stockholm respectively are recorded on this page. In addition to attending the traditional prizegiving in the Stockholm Concert Hall, the Science, Medicine and Literature winners were the guests of honour at a banquet at which students of Stockholm University and other schools had an opportunity of paying tribute to them. Professor Ivar Waller, the Swedish Physicist, spoke in appreciation of Sir John Cockroft and Professor Walton, the joint winners of the Physics Prize. He told his hearers that the pioneer work of these two British scientists in transforming atomic nuclei by means of accelerated particles was a milestone in nuclear physics research, and a quick development in nuclear physics had followed it. In their apparatus, built up after four years' work at the Cavendish Laboratories in Cambridge, the cyclotrone invented by Lawrence had played an important part.

THE CEREMONY IN THE GREAT CONCERT HALL AT STOCKHOLM AT WHICH THE NOBEL PRIZE WINNERS OF 1951 RECEIVED THEIR AWARDS FROM KING GUSTAV: All the leading members of the Swedish Royal House attended the ceremony. This was the fiftieth occasion on which Nobel Prizes have been awarded and the Lord Chief Steward, in greeting the recipients, said that they followed in the proud tradition of their still-world-famous predecessors.

MEMBERS OF THE SWEDISH ROYAL FAMILY AT THE STOCKHOLM PRIZEGIVING: From left to right in the front row are Prince Bertil, Queen Louise of Sweden, King Gustav, Princess Sybylla and Prince Wilhelm. Queen Louise was making her first public appearance after over a year's illness. The big audience included nearly all the leading scientists of Sweden and many others prominent in Swedish public life.

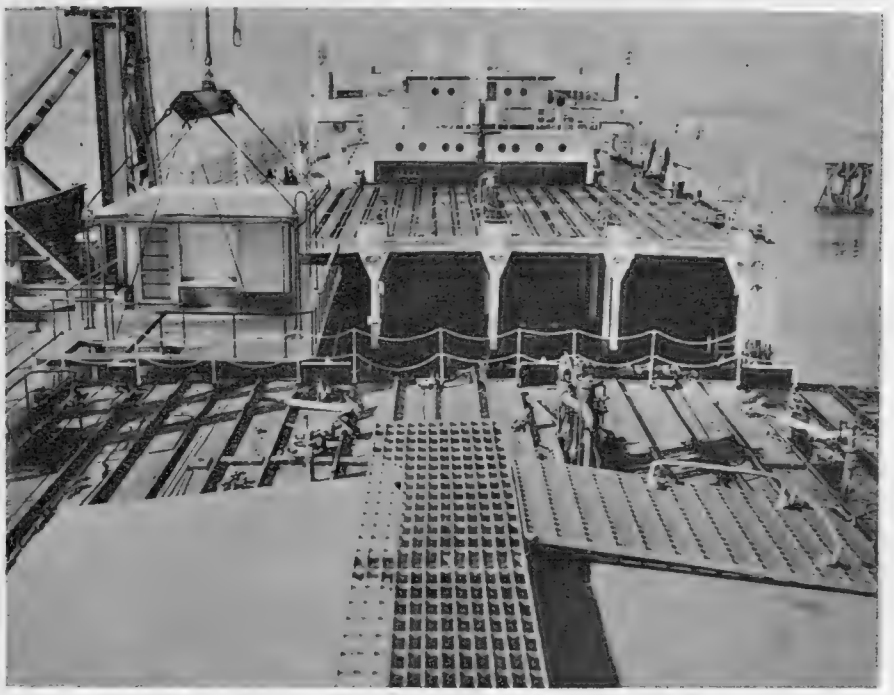
THE PRIZEWINNERS OF 1951: From left to right are—Sir John Cockroft and Professor E. T. S. Walton, who share the prize for Physics; Dr. Edwin Macmillan and Professor G. T. Seaborg, who share the prize for Chemistry; Dr. Max Theiler (Medicine) and Hr. Par Lagerkvist (Literature). Russian, Polish, and Chinese diplomats did not attend the ceremony at which the winners were honoured as they were critical of the Nobel Foundation for not awarding a prize to a Russian.



KING HAAKON OF NORWAY WITH THE WINNER OF THE NOBEL PEACE PRIZE: M. Leon Jouhaux, the veteran French trade union leader, being congratulated by the King following the presentation of the award at Oslo University. Hr. Gunnar Jahn, the president of the Nobel Committee, introduced the prizewinner to a distinguished audience. In his reply M. Jouhaux said that all peoples wanted peace. They were too tired for war, but they wanted peace with freedom, not in slavery.

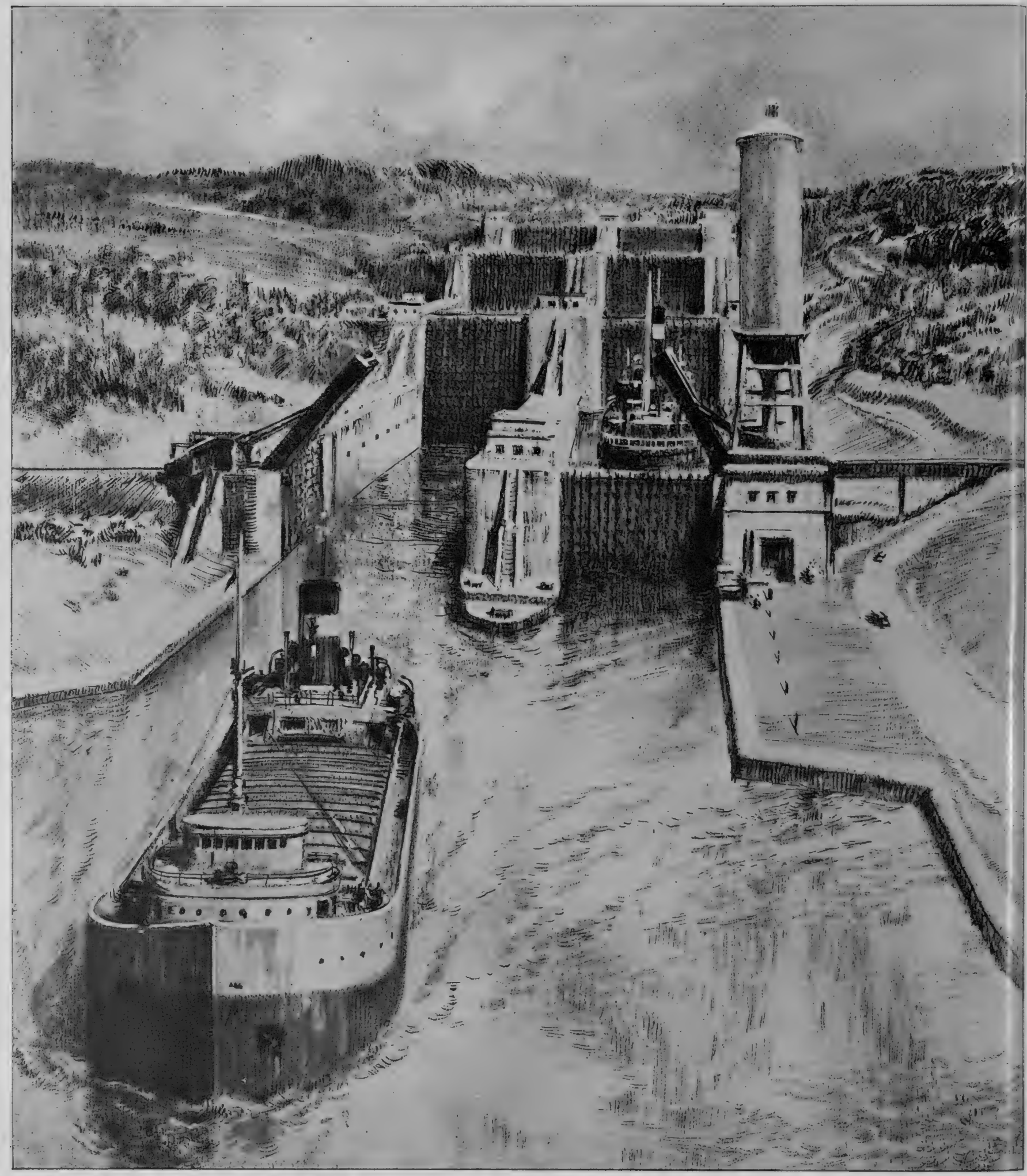
CHALLENGER FOR THE ATLANTIC BLUE RIBAND

The S.S. "United States" in Her Fitting-out Basin at Newport News: The "Seatrain Havana," a New Transporter for Freight Cars



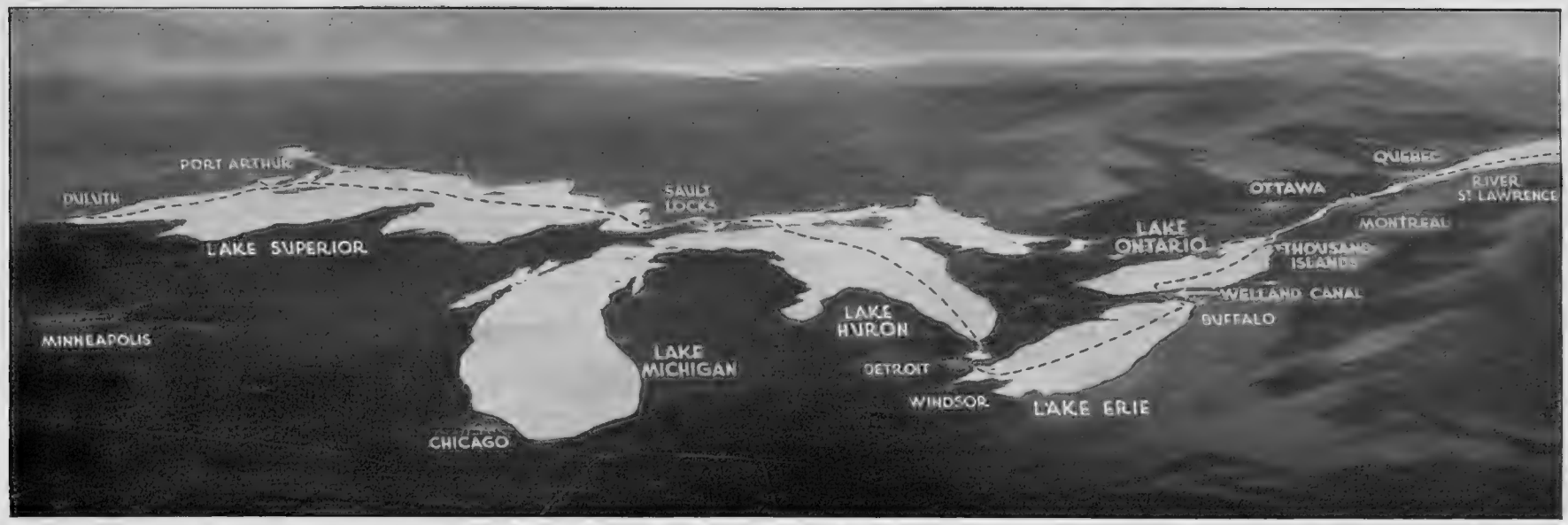
THE "SEATRAIN HAVANA" MAKES HER MAIDEN VOYAGE: *At top* and *above*—The new freight-car transporter seen in the docks at Edgwater, New Jersey, before setting out on her maiden trip to Savannah, Georgia. The vessel carries a number of box-cars on rails on her upper deck, so that at her terminal port they can be unloaded to form a train and can leave for points inland with the minimum of delay. The *Seatrain Havana* also carries automobiles, and in one of the pictures a house-boat is actually seen being lowered into her massive hold.

AMERICA'S CHALLENGE TO THE "QUEEN" LINERS: *Above* and *on right*—Here are two views of the giant new liner *United States* (which will be the largest liner operating in the American merchant marine when completed in the summer of 1952). She is seen in her fitting-out basin at Newport News, Virginia, where she is being completed for the United States Lines by the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company. It is hoped by her owners that in due course she will regain the Blue Ribbon Pennant of the North Atlantic. The liner will have important national defence features incorporated in her structure, so that it would be readily possible to convert her into a troopship capable of transporting a division of 12,000 or even 14,000 men. The ship's dimensions are 990 ft. long and 101 ft. in beam. She will probably have a speed in excess of 30 knots. She will be capable of carrying 2,000 passengers and a crew of 1,000 in ordinary peacetime conditions. The liner's approximate cost is 70,000,000 dollars. 2,500 workmen are at present engaged upon the work of fitting her out at Newport News to make everything ready for the summer maiden voyage.



STEAMING INTO THE HEART OF INDUSTRIAL AMERICA—A LAKE STEAMER EMERGING FROM ONE OF THE THOROLD LOCKS OF THE WELLAND SHIP CANAL, THE CANADIAN WATERWAY CONNECTING LAKES ERIE AND ONTARIO AND BY-PASSING NIAGARA: The canal, which in an eight-month season carries some 12,000,000 tons of cargo, is an integral part of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence River route and, under the Seaway Scheme, it will be dredged to take vessels of even larger tonnage. The canal was first built in 1824-29, having at that time forty wooden locks with a depth of 8 ft. It has since undergone a series of developments culminating in 1914-29 in the construction of the present channel, which extends from Port Weller, on Lake Ontario, to Port Colborne, on Lake Erie, a distance of 25 miles. The Welland Ship Canal represents one of the major engineering feats of the world. The 325-ft. difference in elevation between the levels of the two lakes is overcome by seven locks, each with a lift of 46½ ft. At Thorold the flight locks have a combined lift of 139½ ft. Each lock is 859 ft. long. At Lock No. 4 a railway crosses the canal.

At the end of November it became known that Canada had decided to go ahead on her own with the St. Lawrence Seaway, one of the great projects of modern times, realising that for the moment, at any rate, she could not rely upon American Congressional support, the favourable attitude of President Truman notwithstanding. The scheme has long been in the public mind, for the vision of ocean-going liners being able to sail up the St. Lawrence, past the city of Montreal, through the Welland Canal, thus by-passing Niagara, and along Lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron, Michigan and Superior, to the inland grain ports of the United States and Canada, is one of vast appeal. To bring the grain-growing areas of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Minnesota and Dakota within easy reach of ocean ports, making it possible for farmers to ship their wheat to Europe at infinitely lower costs than are at present possible, has been a long-cherished goal of statesmen upon the North American continent, and up to a limited point it may be said that it has already been achieved; for Canada has already spent 300,000,000 dollars to provide a dredged channel of 35 ft. between Quebec and Montreal, a 14-ft. canal system between Montreal and Lake Ontario, a 25-ft. channel between Lake Ontario and Lake Erie, and a lock at Sault Ste. Marie. By this route wheat from the prairies has been moved regularly each season from the head of the lakes by water to the open sea, but there are big bottlenecks to be overcome if the waterway is to be made into a seaway, if canal craft are to be replaced by ocean vessels The completion of the channel to a full depth of 27 ft. along the entire route is necessary to the fulfilment of this mighty enterprise, to guarantee for ever an all-water route for Canada's commodities to the markets of the Old World, to eliminate costly transhipment at such points as Prescott, Port Colborne, and Port McNicoll. That is the task that is now going to be put in hand by Canada in the face of traditional railroad opposition from the United States, and it is the multifarious aspects of this tremendous enterprise—aspects which, of course, include vast hydro-electric undertakings—which Professor Brogan discusses in his special feature on the Great St. Lawrence Seaway which begins on the page opposite. Professor Brogan is one of the foremost authorities upon American affairs, and his masterly summing-up of this complex problem of the Seaway reveals just how much Canada is undertaking in deciding to go ahead on her own. If she wins through in this high adventure, he indicates, there will be a shifting of the whole balance of power in North America.



THE PLAN TO CREATE A MIGHTY NEW SEAWAY FROM THE ATLANTIC TO LAKE SUPERIOR: This diagrammatic sketch of the 2,700 miles of waterway shows some of the keypoints on the route by which ocean-going vessels will sail into the heart of the North American continent. The decision of the Canadian Government to proceed alone with the seaway project was adumbrated in the Canadian Parliament earlier in the autumn by Mr. Pearson, the Canadian Secretary of State for Internal Affairs. The Canadian Government would have liked the Seaway to have been built as an international project, but the United States Congress has not up to now agreed to co-operate, and Canada will accordingly make a start on the International Rapids Section, permitting sea-going vessels to go from the head of the tide-water at Montreal to Detroit. A further project would allow for the deepening of the channel at Detroit to permit big ships to make the passage to Lake Superior.

THE GREAT ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY

Canada Goes Ahead With the Plan to Bring the Atlantic Ocean Into the Great Lakes

BY DENIS BROGAN

(Professor of Political Science at Cambridge University and Fellow of Peterhouse. Author of "The American Political System," and "The American Problem.")

ILLUSTRATED WITH PICTURE DIAGRAMS BY "SPHERE" ARTISTS; WITH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS; AND WITH SPECIAL DRAWINGS BY GORDON NICOLL, R.I., F.R.S.A.

ON October 2, 1535, Jacques Cartier, the solid and capable navigator from Saint-Malo, arrived in the Indian village of Hochelaga and climbed the hill above it which the French called "Mount Royal" and, from what is still the great viewpoint of Montreal, saw the tumbling rapids of what was to be called, ironically, "Lachine." Beyond the rapids, the great river they had ascended stretched away to the west, into the unknown land beyond which lay China and in which, perhaps, lay kingdoms as full of "barbaric pearl and gold" as Mexico and Peru. There was gold, indeed, but it was to be long before it was discovered, and when the real founder of Canada, Samuel de Champlain, came to this site again in 1603, the rapids were still the same obstacle and the French had to go native, take to the great Indian invention, the canoe. For the canoe could be carried on a man's back, and when you came to a rapid (and there were more and more rapids) there was the "portage." You carried the canoe and its cargo round the rapids or the falls and went on, on to the west, if not to China, till, with Mackenzie in 1793, you reached the Pacific and gazed with a "wild surmize" on the immense ocean beyond which lay China and Japan.

The barrier that blocked the ships of Champlain and Cartier has been a provocation to Canadians ever since. Under the old regime, there was neither the wealth nor the necessity to do more than find the best ways round the barriers. New France was poor, and its one cash crop—fur—was very valuable for its bulk. It could be carried for a mile or two and put back into the canoes, driven by the indefatigable *voyageurs*.

But it was a very different matter when the exiled "United Empire Loyalists" moved into Upper Canada, the modern Ontario, and found that they were cut off from the ocean, from the great natural canal of the St. Lawrence, by a series of rapids and falls and by what is inadequately described by the mere term "fall," the great wonder of Niagara. To the new, energetic settlers the obstacles were a challenge and, almost from the settlement of Upper Canada, the Provinces and then the Dominion have fought with Nature to make available the great asset of the St. Lawrence waterway on which Nature has laid the mortgage of so many obstacles.

A glance at any map of North America will show what are the possibilities—and what the handicaps. Alone of the great rivers of North America, the St. Lawrence runs roughly east and west. It affords a covered way into the heart of the continent, and at the height of navigation is Montreal, with all the advantages of other river ports like Ascunción, on the La Plata; of Hankow, on the Yangtse; of Manaos, on the Amazon—and the extra advantage of having in its hinterland not Paraguay, not the swamps of Northern Brazil, not the poverty-stricken masses of China, but the agglomeration of natural wealth and human skill of the great interior basin of North America. And that basin has, in its turn, the advantage of being served by the largest system of fresh-water lakes in the world, the "Great Lakes"—Huron, Michigan, Superior, and their smaller, though still mighty, sisters, Erie and Ontario, as well as lakes that are, like St. Francis and St. Louis, very respectable by European standards, but not much more than ponds by Canadian. To join the St. Lawrence and the Lakes has been a dream of Canadians (and of many Americans) for nearly two centuries; it seems as natural a wedding as that of Venice and the Adriatic, as profitable as the union of the Hudson and the Great Lakes by the Erie Canal. For it must always be remembered that though the St. Lawrence route is the *natural* highway into the heart of the continent, it is not the only water route, and when, in 1825, the waters of Lake Erie were poured into the waters of the Hudson by Governor De Witt Clinton, New York began its sudden and dazzling ascent to primacy in North America. On the Erie Canal, which joined the Hudson to the Lakes, the prosperity of Manhattan was founded. It is no wonder that other

(Continued on following page)

PROFESSOR DENIS BROGAN: The author of the accompanying article, who is Professor of Political Science at Cambridge University and an expert on United States affairs.

THE LOCK SYSTEM ON THE GREAT LAKES: This diagrammatic sketch shows the series of locks which will have to be enlarged and the dredging which will have to be completed to admit vessels of large draught and thus create the Seaway, a direct link with the seaports of the world. The map shows the sea-level line and indicates the successive stages by which boats are now raised on their long inland journey. The biggest lift, it will be seen, is between Lake Ontario and Lake Erie via the famous Welland Ship Canal. There are five steps in the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Seaway, as follows: (1) St. Mary's Falls, between Lake Superior and Lake Huron, a drop of 21 ft.; (2) St. Clair River-Detroit passage, joining Huron and Erie, a drop of 8 ft.; (3) Niagara Falls (by-passed by the Welland Canal), between Erie and Ontario, a drop of 325 ft.; (4) St. Lawrence River Section, including the International Rapids, a drop of 225 ft.; (5) Montreal to the sea, a drop of 20 ft. It is estimated that 9,000,000 horse-power can be developed along this waterway.

The Great St. Lawrence Seaway

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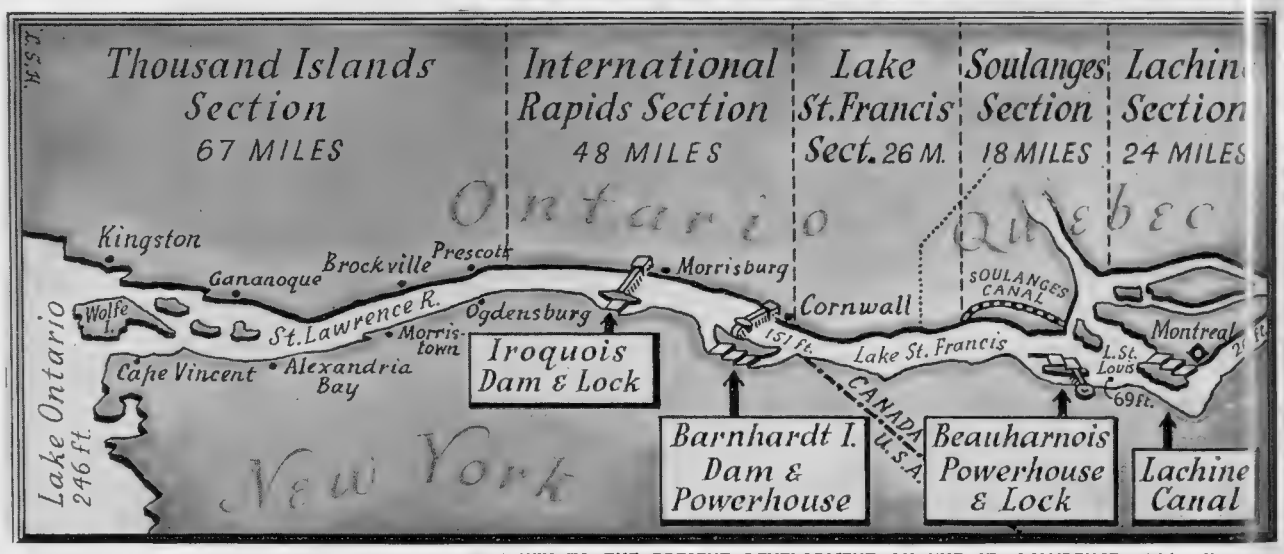
ports have wanted to emulate New York, and no wonder that New York has, as a city and a state, watched over its interests in the water routes with loving care and over the possibility of having those advantages pass to another port or ports with far more jealousy than, say, Rotterdam regards Antwerp. And when we reflect that one of the chief beneficiaries of a sea route into the Great Lakes would be Chicago, we can understand even more easily the uneasy vigilance of the New Yorkers!

Of course, all the possibilities of marrying the Atlantic and the Great Lakes have not been postponed until now. In a sense, they *are* married, for both the United States and Canada have spent vast sums in dealing with the obstacles strewn by a too-prodigal Nature. The American-built "Soo" Canal, between Superior and Huron, carries more traffic than Panama or Suez, and the great Canadian-built ship canal, the Welland (between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario), is one of the world's great artificial waterways. Thanks to these canals and to minor engineering works—for example, on the Detroit River between Lake Huron and Lake Erie—the Great Lakes have a huge shipping system, with freight steamers as big and as fast as any in the world. But the final barrier remains. These great ships cannot get to Montreal; Lachine is still for them, if not for smaller ships, what it was to Cartier and Champlain, a *ne plus ultra*. And the big ships that ply on the Great Lakes never get through to the great tidal river that washes the docks of Montreal, and the big ships that come up the 1,000-mile channel from the ocean cannot break through to the nearly 100,000 square miles of fresh water on which lie the Great-Lake ports—Toronto, Toledo, Chicago, Cleveland, Duluth, Port Arthur, and the rest. Now, after thirty years of serious discussion and planning (and much more than that of speculation), the Canadian Government has decided to break the barrier, to wed the Lakes to the St. Lawrence and the ocean—and to do this without the co-operation of its southern neighbour, the United States. For once again, Congress have refused to ratify the agreement made by the American and Canadian executives. Their patience exhausted at last, the Canadians have decided to go it alone, appropriately enough under the leadership of one whose name is St. Laurent.

It is a bold decision, for the cost will be great, but it is natural enough to say that "time must have an end," and a great deal of water has rolled over Niagara since Mr. Herbert Hoover, just after the first war, threw his authority as an engineer and business executive behind the scheme. Since then, as Secretary of Commerce, as President, he has continued his support, as has every American President since Harding. But all in vain. Congress has failed to act, and after the last defeat of the project in Washington, Mr. Truman and Mr. St. Laurent issued a joint statement putting the blame openly on Congress and giving Canada full justification for "going it alone." True, there may be hopes in Ottawa and in Washington that Congress will respond and take its last chance. It *can* still act, for, of course, no work can be begun for many months yet. But the history of the project does not breed optimism about American action, and we may assume that Canada is about to undertake its greatest economic adventure, excelling in scale and equalling in boldness the creation of the Canadian Pacific Railway. If proof were needed, this would provide proof that Canada is now grown up, neither daughter in her mother's house nor junior partner of the Big American Brother.

There is something paradoxical in the Canadian decision, for in its origins the Great Lakes–St. Lawrence Seaway was much more an American than a Canadian project. Most of the organised propaganda came from the American side; so did most of the diplomatic initiative. Nor is this surprising when we look at some of the early reasons advanced for the project. After the First World War, the United States suffered badly from a railroad "bottleneck." (In 1920 they had the word as well as the thing!) If railroads and marshalling yards were to remain as congested, railway trucks as scarce as they were in 1919-20, there was a strong case indeed for getting the products of the Middle West out to a needy Europe as fast as possible. It was not the same with Canada. If the United States had too few railway facilities, there were many in Canada who thought that Canada had too many—and the financial history of the lines that were finally amalgamated into the Canadian National system suggested that the critics were not far wrong. If American freight was looking for railways, Canadian railways were looking for freight. Then American commerce in the Great Lakes region was much more extensive than the Canadian, for not only were the Middle Western States served by the Lakes more populous, but the western end of Lake Superior, on the Canadian side, was largely a desolation of scrub and lakes, while the American end had some of the richest farmland in the world, in Minnesota and Wisconsin. The time was to come when the scrub was to turn into a treasure-house, but the time was not yet in the early '20's. Again, one of the chief American inducements to improve shipping facilities on the Great Lakes was then lacking to the Canadians. For from Minnesota, from its great Mesabi Range, came the iron-ore that was the foundation of the great American steel industry. Because the ore came from Lake Superior, the steel industry was migrating from its old homes round Pittsburgh to the new steel areas, Cleveland, Gary, East Chicago. And for the parts of the steel industry not on the Lakes, there was an obvious interest in getting the ore to the sea.

As owner of a great part of the Canadian railway system, the Dominion Government had no obvious interest in creating a competitor such as the Seaway was bound to be. More than that, the Canadian farmer had not the same interest in using the lakes as a means of exporting his crop as had his American opposite number. The Prairie Provinces were as likely to export their crops west to Vancouver and Prince Rupert as east to Montreal. And, for the Prairie Provinces, the great gulf of Hudson's Bay seemed to promise as much as any seaway. At any rate, the experiment was tried. The Dominion Government built the Hudson's Bay Railway and the port at Churchill. But as a substitute for the long rail haul, the new route to Europe was a very mixed success. Its enthusiastic propagandists had over-sold the scheme—and that was remembered when the Seaway scheme was launched. It was, said some critics, only the Hudson's Bay scheme over again—on a much vaster and so much more dangerous scale. However that may be, it is indisputable that for a dozen years after the scheme was first launched, Canada played "hard to get" as the Americans put it. Admirers of the late Mackenzie King thought that one of his most remarkable qualities was his ability to put off action till the time was ripe, and he never showed that quality more expertly



THIS IS THE ST. LAWRENCE BOTTLENECK AND THE KEY TO THE PRESENT DEVELOPMENT ON THE ST. LAWRENCE: This diagrammatic sketch by Leslie Haywood shows the five sections of the St. Lawrence from Montreal to Lake Ontario, a part of the international waterway which at present takes ships of only small tonnage. It thus bans larger vessels from travelling up to the Great Lakes or down from the Great Lakes. In the centre of the drawing is seen the International Rapids Section, where power is to be developed by the Ontario Government in co-operation with American agencies. Here there will one day be a total installed hydro-electric capacity of 2,200,000 h.p. The deep-water navigation works, allowing for the passage of much bigger ships, will be undertaken solely by the Canadian Federal Government. The agreement between Canada and Ontario on these points was reached at Ottawa on December 3. The deep-water works, providing navigation up to 27 ft., will extend from Montreal to Prescott. In addition, certain parts of the 27-ft. channel in the Thousand Islands Section, between Prescott and Lake Ontario, will have to be widened.

than in the way that he managed to postpone action on the St. Lawrence scheme, without either angering the Americans or totally alienating the numerous Canadian backers of the project. But by 1930, when he went out of office, time seemed to be ripe, and his successor, Mr. R. B. Bennett, was the first Canadian Prime Minister to adopt the scheme. There were many reasons for this change, one being perhaps the fact that the Liberal Government had entangled itself in a power project, the Beauharnois scheme, that, if not scandalous, was at least embarrassing, and that reminded Canadians of the possibilities of St. Lawrence water power.

For it is impossible to separate the problems of navigation from the problems of power. The very obstacles that impede navigation breed power. The St. Lawrence falls 222 ft. between Lake Ontario and Montreal, every foot making power if harnessed, and it falls from the best hydrographic basin in the world, since the Great Lakes ensure what is, by the standards of most power schemes, a remarkably uniform flow. Power, it was claimed, was to pay for navigation. The same works that made the channel clear for ocean-going ships would make electricity that could be sold to the power-thirsty industries of Illinois, New York, New England. For, at the beginning, it was not foreseen how rapidly Canadian industry and power demand would grow, and there was a genuine fear that Canada could not use her share of the power to be generated and would be forced to export it to her competitor, the United States, and in that case the Canadian taxpayer would be paying money to create facilities that would be mainly used by the United States. He was doing that already, said the Canadian critics. For if American money built the "Soo" Canal, it was overwhelmingly for the use of American ships, since the Canadian share in the traffic on Lake Superior was comparatively trifling. It was different with the great

,700 ILES INTO THE HEART OF AMERICA—A VISION OF THE FUTURE, SHOWING AN OCEAN FREIGHTER LEAVING THE GRANARIES OF PORT ARTHUR, NORTH-WESTERN ONTARIO, EN ROUTE TO ONE OF THE PORTS OF EUROPE: When the St. Lawrence Seaway scheme comes to fruition it will be possible for ships to load up at the elevators an , sailing through the widened and deepened locks of the Great Lakes, and up the St. Lawrence River to the sea, they will be able to communicate direct with Lo don, Liverpool, Antwerp, Rotterdam, and other European cities. Grain farmers in Canada are jubilant at the idea of the St. Lawrence Seaway, as it will en ble them to cut existing transport costs by a wide margin, largely eliminating railway freight charges. The modified scheme at present in operation, which ne essitates transhipment of wheat at several points, has already pointed the way to low costs. *Special "Sphere" drawing by Gordon Nicoll.*

Vellan Canal that Canada had paid for, since he Ar ericans gained at least as much from it as lid the Canadians. And what of the very elaborate orks needed to light, mark, widen and deepen he 30 ft. channel of the St. Lawrence up to Montre l? They benefited the American grain-xporte a great deal already. Against that could be t the dvantages reaped by the greatest of Canadian ties. But if the Seaway worked, if great freighters nd even great ocean-going liners could by-pass Montre l and sail straight to Chicago or Duluth, anada would again be "played for a sucker" by the ankee , whose astuteness and ability to drive a hard argain was traditional in Canada since Sam Slick nd his fellows had sold wooden clocks in Nova Scotia ver 100 years ago. Or, to quote a more exalted ource, the Canadian sponsors of this scheme were mitati g the Indian who threw away a pearl "richer han alt his tribe." That pearl was the monopoly of he *entrepôt* trade Nature had given to Montreal.

One may say that, up to 1932, the initiative was n the American side. But in that year a treaty was ade between the United States and Canada and, rom that moment, politics in every sense of the word ntered. The treaty had to go before the Senate, and the enate, true to form, killed the treaty. That the dying oover administration should not have succeeded in arrying the project was not surprising. It was the ost discredited administration in modern American istory in 1932. But even Franklin D. Roosevelt, in l his prime of power, was equally rebuffed in 1934. nd giving up the procedure by treaty did no good; ongress has refused to ratify by treaty *or* by statute. is nearly twenty years ago since the then Prime inister of Canada, Mr. Bennett, uttered an eloquent ariation on the theme of the tide in the affairs of en. It is not much less since President Roosevelt eclared, in 1934:

"That this great international highway for ship-ng is without any question going to be completed in e near future and that this completion should be rried out by both nations instead of by one." At s Press conference, when it was obvious that the enate wasn't going to play, the President declared

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AT THE MEETING-POINT OF THE LAKE ST. FRANCIS SECTION AND THE INTERNATIONAL RAPIDS SECTION IN THE BOTTLENECK AREA BETWEEN MONTREAL AND LAKE ONTARIO: In the centre of the drawing is Barnhardt Island, where a 2,200,000 h.p. hydro-electric plant is planned. The projected dam is represented by the horseshoe curve in the centre, and on the left are the locks which will have to be widened and deepened to admit ocean-going vessels. The new dam at this point will flood out communities on both sides of the river, and on the Canadian side this will occur for a distance of 30 miles by a width of one to three or four miles.

The Great St. Lawrence Seaway

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that: "If we don't go along, Canada has a perfect right to build an all-Canadian seaway and discriminate against us if it so desires." But Roosevelt undoubtedly thought that Congress would change its mind. It hasn't done so and Canada is doing what Roosevelt said it had a right to do.

The natural disappointment of the American sponsors of the project, not only in 1951 but ever since 1932, has led them to impute motives to the opponents of the Seaway and suggest that only narrow, sectional, shortsighted selfishness can account for the failure to ratify treaty or agreement. Congressional votes have been broken down and attempts have been made to show that opposition comes from spokesmen for ports like New York or Boston or, in Canada, from some spokesmen for Montreal. As far as business interests are concerned, this flies in face of the record. Shippers and merchants in New York and Boston and Montreal have no reason to oppose the scheme on this ground, for they are quite positive that the Seaway will be a flop. There will be no new "lighthearted masters of the waves" sailing ocean-going craft into Lake ports. The "grave Tyrian traders" of the old-established routes have nothing to fear; they say so repeatedly. But they have an interest as taxpayers to see that American (or Canadian) money is not wasted and, as kindhearted men, they don't want to see their gullible brethren of landlocked Toronto or Chicago indulging in daydreams of ocean commerce and suffering the pangs of emotional and financial disillusionment.

Of course, certain interests would suffer if the Seaway had half the success its sponsors promise. For instance, the State of New York has spent hundreds of millions of dollars on the new Erie Canal (now called the Barge Canal). The Seaway will certainly be a stiff competitor to the Barge Canal, which is already something of a white elephant. (New York has more than once proposed to transfer the Canal to the Federal Government as the Cape Cod Canal was transferred. Muttering "*timeo Danaos*," or its equivalent in New Yorkese, the Government has refused.)

Other projectors and patriots farther west have other reasons for hostility. For example, Chicago has an interest in becoming an ocean port, but the main use to which Chicago put lake-water was to service its somewhat primitive drainage system. The Chicago River runs south near to the slight rise that marks off the watershed of the Great Lakes from that of the Mississippi. By building the "Drainage Canal" (the name means what you think), Chicago is able to send its refuse on the way to the Mississippi and also to link its harbour with New Orleans, if not by ocean freighters at least by barges. To do both things, it was necessary to draw so much water from Lake Michigan that the level of other lake ports was sensibly diminished. For though you might not think it, Chicago is a most extravagant user of water, and it took much diplomatic and legal pressure before it consented to moderate its thirst. Even so, the Lakes, for Chicago, are a source of water and in a real sense the Chicago canal is a rival, for water, with the Seaway. Another interest visibly affected is the railways. No matter how much the Seaway increases the prosperity of the inland areas, it will not provide enough new traffic to compensate for what it will take away from the railways, and the railways candidly oppose it on those grounds. Gone are the days when there was more freight than facilities. The railways, despite a temporary boom, are in retreat before trucks and pipe-lines; as far as freight is concerned, and losing more and more passenger traffic to planes and buses. This is no time, railway executives and union leaders alike proclaim, to create a new competitor at the expense of the taxpayer.

And so say the mine-owners and union leaders. When the news came that Canada was going to go ahead, one of the viceroys (or stooges) of Mr. John L. Lewis, Mr. Thomas Kennedy, issued what was pretty like an ultimatum to both the Canadian and American Governments, rebuking them for their impudence and informing them of the high displeasure of that other great power, the United Mineworkers of America. For not only would the Seaway hurt the railways, one of the last great markets for coal, already in losing battle with oil and natural gas; it would generate vast amounts of hydro-electric power, and still further shrink the market for that coal, which the United States still produces in excessive abundance.

THE VILLAGE OF IROQUOIS, ONTARIO, WHICH WILL DISAPPEAR WHEN THE SEAWAY PROJECT IS COMPLETED BETWEEN CORNWALL AND PRESCOTT ON THE INTERNATIONAL RAPIDS SECTION: Mille Roches, Dickinson's Landing, Farran's Point and Morrisburg are other communities which will be 18 to 22 ft. under water. These, it is hoped, will rise again on the new shore line.

A TRAIN PASSES OVER LOCK NO. 4 ON THE WELLAND SHIP CANAL AT THOROLD: The two-bascule railway bridges over the locks are quickly raised to permit the passage of ships. The Welland Canal is one of the completed portions of the Seaway, but it lies above the International Rapids bottleneck, so as yet it cannot be reached by big ships from the Atlantic.

Another argument against the scheme must be stated tactfully. Ever since Kipling called Canada "Our Lady of the Snows," Canadians (except in winter-sports advertising) have tended to play down the fact that it is quite cold in winter in Canada and that, for instance, the St. Lawrence is only navigable for seven months in the year. That the St. Lawrence freezes over I can testify, and from the ground or from the air it looks pretty solid. Nor is this all, for, say the critics, the St. Lawrence is a difficult river to navigate (look at the insurance rates), and it is subject to fog even in June. But the sufficient answer to that is that Montreal is already one of the world's greatest ports. The ice *does* create problems, both for power stations and for canal locks, but the great existing power stations and great locks, like those on the Welland Canal, prove that the difficulties are not insuperable or even very formidable. There are no technical difficulties that have not been overcome somewhere along the route from Duluth to Montreal. Cartier's jinx has been licked in detail and can, by the same methods, be licked in gross. But why should we try to? What new forces or events have led to the Canadian decision?

First of all, there is a change in the climate of opinion. There are, as examples of great power developments, Grand Coulee and Bonneville, on the Columbia. There is the example of the integration of power, navigation and general economic development in the T.V.A. Then the lavish expenditure of war has both accelerated Canadian industrial development and given it new ideas of expense. After the "Alcan" highway, that was to link the U.S. with Alaska in the war, most schemes seem sensible and most schemes seem cheap.

Equally important is the change in Canada's economic position, from being mainly an exporter of cereals to being a great manufacturing country, and Montreal is now no mere *entrepôt*. Then there have been paradoxical changes in the traffic on the lakes. The Mesabi range is near exhaustion and steel plants, put on the Great Lakes to be near the water-borne ore supply, are now faced with serious competition from plants on the ocean, like the plants at Baltimore and that projected for New London. Ore will come from Labrador and Venezuela *into* the lakes, not out. The direct financial results are hard to guess, the indirect impossible. Since the Americans won't play, it will be impossible to develop the power on the "International section" above Niagara, to the loss of Ontario—and the State of New York. The American withdrawal not only imposed upon the Canadians serious limitations on the power developments of the scheme (although they can still develop 1,200,000 H.P. on the Lachine section), but it forces them to charge tolls. Otherwise they would be building canals for largely American use; yet, if the tolls are too high, traffic will go by rail or by the New York Barge Canal. But the die is cast. Canada is about to bring the ocean into the Great Lakes and shift the balance of economic power in North America. It is a great adventure, and I for one look forward to the day when a ship, loaded in every sense of the term, with Clansmen, sails straight from Toronto to Glasgow.

WHERE THE ST. CLAIR RIVER BROADENS OUT INTO LAKE HURON: A vessel entering the narrows between Sarnia and Port Huron. A ship passes through these narrows every seven minutes. This St. Clair-Detroit passage on the Great Lakes system encounters a drop of only 8 ft., so there are no vast engineering problems in this direction. By contrast, the Niagara Falls, separating Lake Erie from Lake Ontario, provide a drop of 325 ft.

CHICAGO'S SEA LINK WITH SEVEN ISLANDS MAY BRING NEW LIFE TO THE GREAT LAKES STEEL INDUSTRY: This map shows the position of Chicago in relation to the St. Lawrence Seaway and to the new port of Seven Islands, which in turn is being linked with the iron-ore development area in Ungava.

UNGAVA ORE ON "THE SEAWAY"

One Reason Why American Interests Stand to Profit by the Big Scheme

As long ago as February 1948 the United States Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Julius A. Krug, warned his countrymen that the old idea that they were blessed with unlimited natural resources needed revising. The United States Commerce Department predicted at the time that the best iron-ore reserves round Lake Superior would be finished within twenty years, and that America would then have to look farther afield for the raw material of heavy industry.

Already, indeed, Uncle Sam is shipping ore from Venezuela, and in a few years no doubt he will be drawing, too, on the resources of Ungava, in the Canadian hinterland. Now this new Canadian field of ore supply can mean that places like Boston and Philadelphia, on the eastern seaboard of the United States, will be the main steel-production centres of America. But it is not to be supposed that the steel plants of Chicago and Cleveland will accept this new state of affairs without a struggle. It is for this reason, therefore, that the steelmen of the Great Lakes area can be expected to support the St. Lawrence Seaway project, for the route to Chicago from the Ungava ore deposits follows the Seaway. There are a multitude of other reasons why Americans of the Great Lakes should co-operate with Canadians in the Seaway and there are also some powerful reasons why they should not, but this question of the Ungava deposits may be the ultimate deciding factor in an issue which still rages in and out of Congress.

ON THE TRAIL OF '51 THROUGH THE CANADIAN HINTERLAND ON THE QUEBEC-LABRADOR BORDER: Through these pinewoods will run the new railway which is being built from the port of Seven Islands, on the St. Lawrence, almost due north to Knob Lake, in the heart of Ungava's immensely rich iron-ore deposits. This is probably the toughest railway-construction job in Canada since the Canadian Northern was pushed through the Rockies in 1914. When this Quebec North Shore and Labrador Railway is completed (it is hoped in 1954), it will bring out 10,000,000 tons of open-pit iron ore per year to offset the dwindling supplies which are now coming out of the famous Mesabi Ridge, in Minnesota.

A BIG ORE SHIP PROCEEDS THROUGH THE HEART OF MODERN CHICAGO: The Great Lakes vessel *Tom H. Girdler* moving under the Jackson Boulevard Bridge en route to Lake Michigan. The skipper of this 600-ft. ore vessel would have to face a series of difficult bends before he could reach the open water of the lake. This drawing, made for "The Sphere" by Gordon Nicoll, is of special interest as it links America's steel industry with the St. Lawrence Seaway scheme. For the time must come when these ore-carriers, instead of making the short haul to the Minnesota shore of Lake Superior to obtain their supplies from the dwindling resources of the Mesabi Ridge, will have to travel instead right down the Seaway to the new port of Seven Islands, in the St. Lawrence estuary, there to take on ore from the newly-developed Ungava mines. It is in this way, as in many others, that the industrial balance shifts into Canadian hands upon the North American continent.

HOME OF THE UNITED NATIONS

Work Progresses on the New Buildings and Approaches of the United Nations Site in Manhattan

The United Nations Permanent Headquarters, the "workshop for peace" for the international secretariat and the representatives of the U.N.'s sixty member Governments, occupies an eighteen-acre, six-block tract of Manhattan Island, New York, running from 42nd Street on the south to 48th Street on the north, and between First Avenue and the East River.

The main building units of the 65,000,000-dollar project are the skyscraper secretariat of thirty-nine storeys which accommodates nearly 3,500 staff members of the organisation at Headquarters; a huge auditorium for meetings of the General Assembly, which is still in the process of construction; and, lying low along the riverside, a building containing council chambers and conference rooms. In addition, an underground garage with space for 1,500 cars has been provided.

These three buildings, interconnected to form one co-ordinated unit, complete, at least for the present, what is now officially known as "United Nations, New York," the permanent address of the world organisation. The possible construction of yet a fourth building, which will house offices of the various delegations, is now under study by the United Nations, but as yet no definite plans have been made.

To avoid traffic congestion in the area, a tunnel is to be built to take regular New York traffic down First Avenue, underground past the United Nations site.

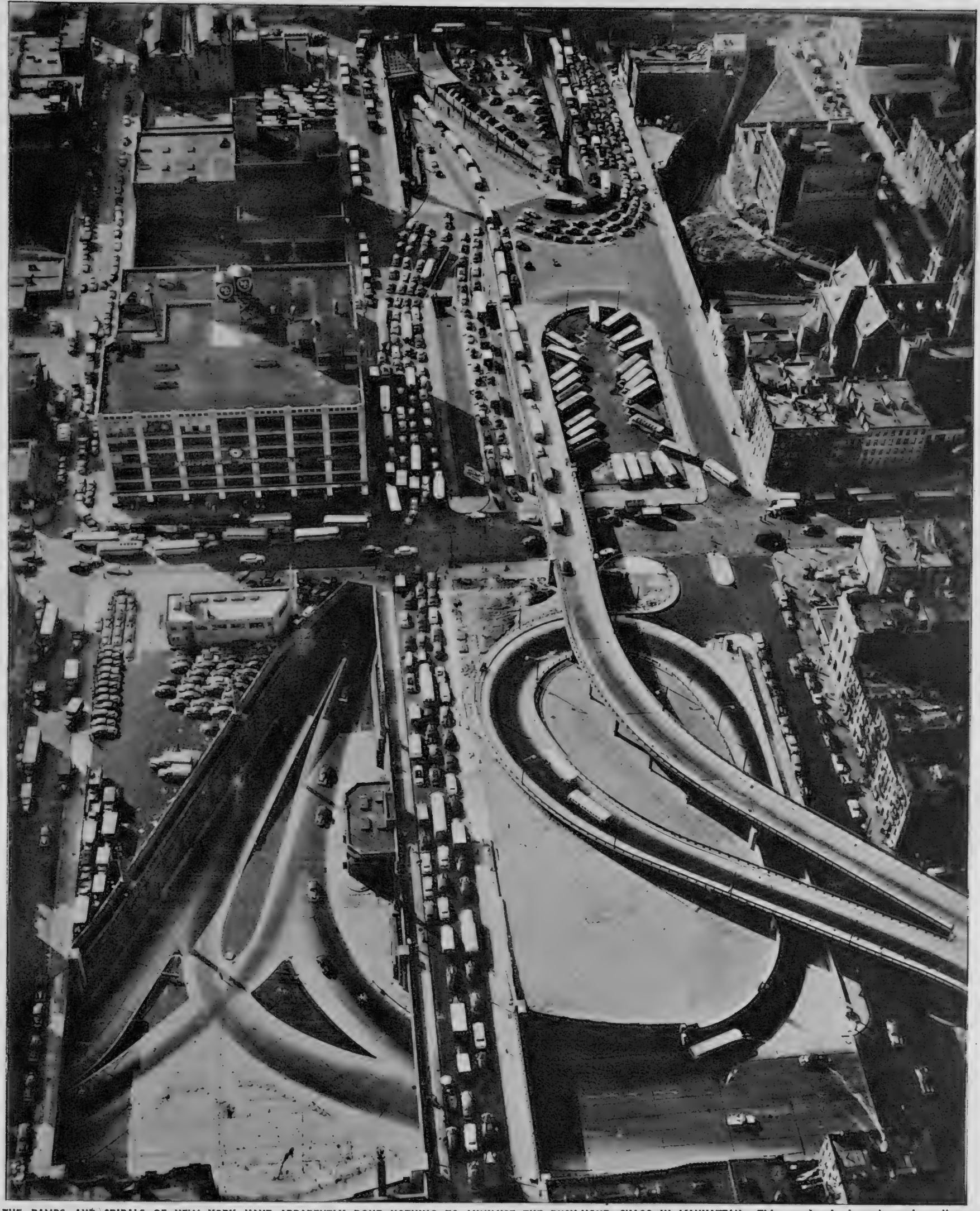
The site itself was the gift of John D. Rockefeller, Jnr. As soon as he acquired it the owners of neighbouring properties at once began to develop the area which had hitherto lain somewhat neglected.

LOOKING ACROSS THE MIDDLE OF MANHATTAN ISLAND, NEW YORK, WITH THE UNITED NATIONS NEW SECRETARIAT BUILDING IN THE FOREGROUND: The secretariat, looking like a slim cigar-box standing on end, has now been finished and is already in use. The U.N. council building, with the frame of its dome just completed, stands half-finished beside it. In the background is the Empire State Building, still the tallest structure on earth.

WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE APPROACH TO A TUNNEL BY-PASSING THE UNITED NATIONS SITE IN MID-TOWN MANHATTAN: The tunnel is being built in an attempt to avoid congestion of the fantastically heavy streams of traffic in the environment of the United Nations buildings on East River.

AN ARCHITECT'S IMPRESSION OF THE PROPOSED TRAFFIC TUNNEL WHICH WILL PREVENT TRAFFIC CONGESTION NEAR THE UNITED NATIONS SITE: Traffic coming down First Avenue will go underground at this point while traffic for the United Nations will cross from side streets, without interruption.

THE HALF-COMPLETED COUNCIL BUILDING ON THE UNITED NATIONS SITE IN NEW YORK: When completed it will house delegates to the General Assembly. This is the second of the four buildings which will ultimately comprise the complete U.N. site.



THE RAMPS AND SPIRALS OF NEW YORK HAVE APPARENTLY DONE NOTHING TO MINIMISE THE RUSH-HOUR CHAOS IN MANHATTAN: This overhead view shows long lines of traffic waiting to enter the Lincoln Tunnel, running beneath the Hudson to New Jersey, the entrance to which is seen in the background of the picture. The tunnel exit is near the foreground on the left. The New York Port Authority want a third tubeway to run alongside the two tubes already constituting the Lincoln Tunnel, but Mayor Impellitteri has decided against the proposition. Meanwhile New York's rush-hour traffic problem increases rather than diminishes.

Manhattan's Traffic Tangle

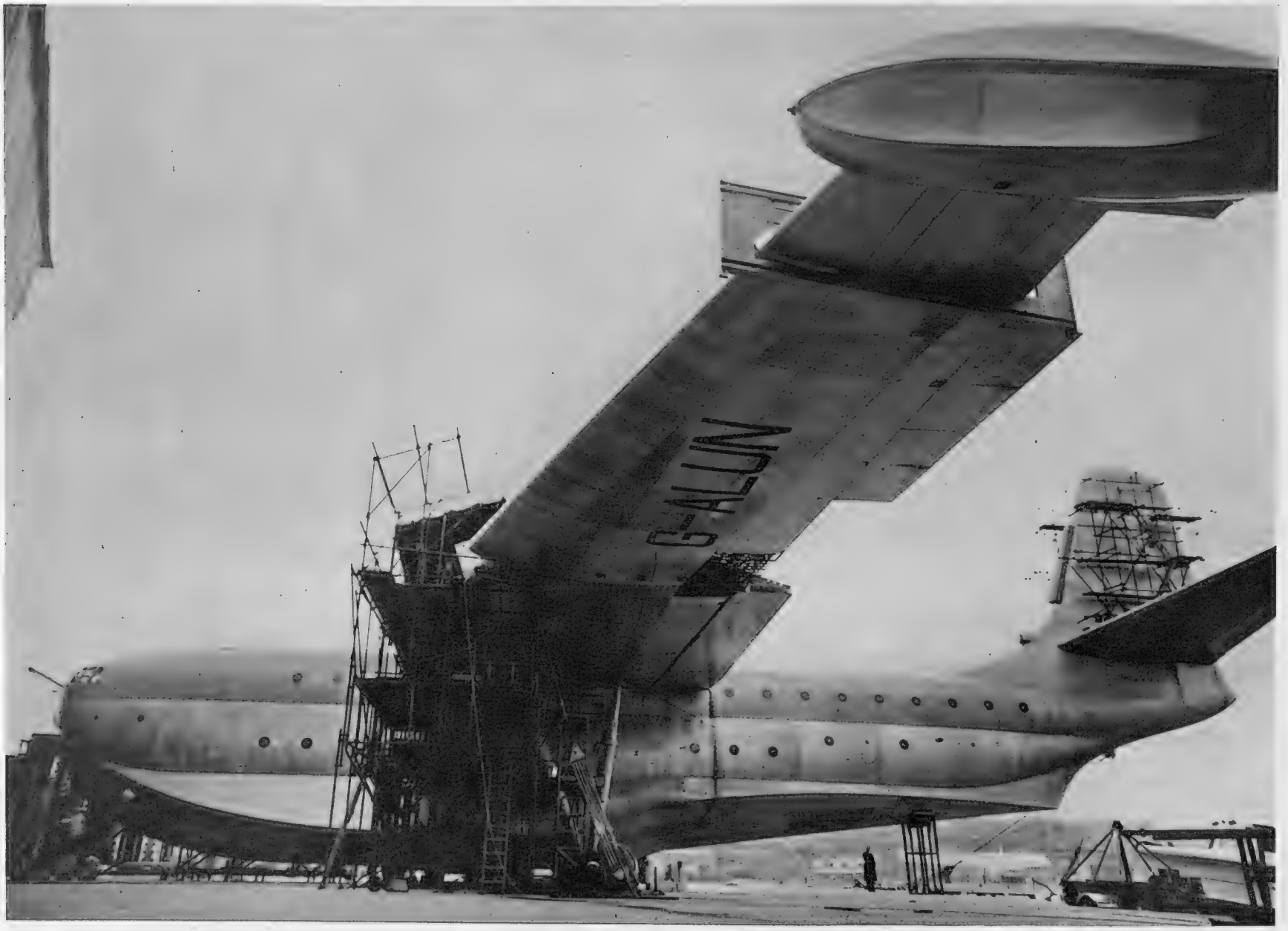
MODERN RAMPS AND SPIRAL ROADS HAVE NOT SOLVED THE RUSH-HOUR CONGESTION, A CHRONIC CONDITION IN THE HEART OF NEW YORK

In 1950 no fewer than 15,500,000 vehicles used the Lincoln Tunnel, running beneath the Hudson River from Manhattan to the New Jersey shore, which was an increase of 20 per cent. on the 1949 total. No doubt the figures for the year now ending will be even higher. For a long time past the New York Port Authority, deeply conscious of the daily chaos in Manhattan, has been urging the construction of a third tubeway to give the Lincoln Tunnel an additional annual capacity of 8,500,000 vehicles. The edict has apparently gone forth, however, that these plans cannot be put into effect at the present moment, doubtless because rearmament is now a higher priority than ever in the United States. The third tubeway, at current rates, would cost more than 85,000,000 dollars. In recent years, work has been directed towards improving the exits from Manhattan—namely, by the building of ramps, spirals and skyways, which have taken traffic round Manhattan's perimeter before filtering it across the bridges and through the tunnels. The latest tunnel to be completed is the 3,000-yard submarine road between Brooklyn and the Battery. This starts at Hamilton Avenue, Brooklyn, and proceeds via the top of Governor's Island. This tunnel provides a speedy exit for traffic in the direction of Coney Island and other Atlantic resorts.

A WEATHER STATION IN SUB-ARCTIC GREENLAND : This is the Godthaab Weather Station, which also serves as a clearing-house for incoming and outgoing Greenland cable messages. The little colony maintains its own power supply, for the supply from the near-by town of Godthaab is inadequate. Reports on weather conditions here are broadcast to European and North American stations and also directly to planes flying in the area. A regular meteorological service has been maintained in Greenland since 1872. At first the weather stations were situated only on the west coast but now there is a network of these stations along both sides of the great island. So far as we in Britain are concerned, the Arctic is the home of the weather, and the chains of meteorological stations which now ring the North Pole do great service in helping meteorologists to forecast.

CHRISTMASTIME WITH THE GREENLAND MET. MEN

Living Below the Peaks of Greenland's Icy Mountains are the Men Whose Reports Will Help Foretell Our Christmas Weather



THE FIRST OF THE GREAT FLYING-BOATS NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT THE MEDINA WORKS, COWES, SEEN AFTER IT HAD BEEN WINCHED FROM THE GREAT HANGAR WHERE THE MAJOR PART OF THE ASSEMBLY HAS TAKEN PLACE AND AS THE WING SECTIONS WERE IN PROCESS OF BEING FITTED : This operation of wing-fitting is taking place on the concrete apron. The span of the machine is just under 220 ft. and the length 148 ft. The three flying-boats of the Saunders Roe Princess class are each of 140 tons and have ten engines. The first Princess should start its flight trials next spring, and the others will follow at intervals of six months. The flying-boats were originally intended for service with B.O.A.C. Now they will go to the Royal Air Force, and they will be used as long-range troop-carriers.

A PRINCESS SPROUTS WINGS

The First of Britain's Great Flying-Boats is Almost Ready for Her Maiden Trip

BRITAIN'S FIRST NATURE RESERVE

The Beinn Eighe Property Within the Great Deer Forest of Kinlochewe Passes Into the Possession of the Nation

By F. FRASER DARLING, D.Sc., F.R.S.E.

(*Author of "Crofting Agriculture," 1945, "Wild Life of Britain," 1943, "Natural History of the Highlands and Islands," 1947*)

On left—
THE GREAT NORTHERN BLUFF, MEALL A CHIUBHAIS, RISING TO A HEIGHT OF 2,882 FT. ABOVE THE DEER FOREST OF KINLOCHEWE : This is one of the dramatic geological features of Britain's first nationally-owned Nature Reserve, which has been established by the Nature Conservancy in the County of Ross and Cromarty, a property of some 10,450 acres which has been purchased by private treaty. It is to be the forerunner of many more nationally-owned properties both in England and Scotland.

" The Highlands generally, and the West Highlands in particular, form a land devastated by man over a period of a thousand years, and especially during the last three hundred. It will take a century to rehabilitate this land, for biological processes are involved as well as man's mechanical tinkering." Thus wrote Dr. Frank Fraser Darling, the distinguished biologist, in a recent letter to the Scottish Press, revealing his intense preoccupation with the task of restoring the devastated hill lands. Part of that task can be accomplished by the work of the new Nature Reserves, the first of which is Beinn Eighe, in Ross and Cromarty, and in the following article Dr. Fraser Darling dwells at length upon the characteristics of this rugged area of more than 10,000 acres which is now a national possession. He shows, too, how the Reserve differs essentially from the National Park, and in exactly what way it can in the long run have much to teach us about making the best use of the land. Dr. Fraser Darling, who now enjoys such a wide fame, particularly in his native Scotland, is a Rockfeller Special Research Fellow and he was Director of the West Highland Survey of 1944-50. He is a Mungo Park Medallist.

THE recent announcement from the Nature Conservancy of the establishment of the Beinn Eighe National Nature Reserve will focus attention on more than this welcome fact itself. The Nature Conservancy received little publicity on its appointment by the Lord President of the Council in February 1949, and when granted the Royal Charter in March of that year. Since then the Conservancy has had too much humdrum spadework to do rather than the more publicly exciting pleasure of acquiring land to be used as Nature Reserves.

The appointment of the Nature Conservancy as a body under the Privy Council, comparable with the Agricultural and Medical Research Councils, followed several years of committee work in England and Scotland. Reports from these earlier committees (Cmds. 6631, 7122 and 7235, H.M.S.O.) contain a mass of valuable data on the subject of nature conservation in relation to general policy, and they explain the essential differences between National Parks and Nature Reserves, differences which will now need to be widely understood if there is not to be a good deal of irritation and disappointment. The Government realised that the work of nature conservation in Britain, as a whole, involved advisory and management activities quite different from the functions of a National Park Commission, though, of course, a Nature Reserve might well be established within a National Park. A park is primarily for the preservation of scenery and for the enjoyment of people and posterity ; a Nature Reserve is primarily for the protection of a habitat, a term used by ecologists to denote the sum of the effective environmental conditions under which animal and plant communities exist, and sometimes for the protection of a particular species.

The functions of the Nature Conservancy, as summarised in the Royal Charter, are : " To provide scientific advice on the conservation and control of the natural flora and fauna of Great Britain ; to establish, maintain and manage nature reserves in Great Britain, including the maintenance of physical features of scientific interest ; and to organise and develop the research and scientific services related thereto." The Conservancy is at present under the chairmanship of the veteran ecologist Sir Arthur Tansley, with Captain C. Diver as Director-General.

(*Continued on following page*)

SOME OF THE BIRDS WHICH HAVE THEIR HABITAT IN THE NEW BEINN EIGHE NATURE RESERVE : This drawing, specially made for "The Sphere" by C. W. Bacon, shows (left to right, from top), the Merlin, the Golden Eagle the Buzzard, the Peregrine Falcon (cock and hen), the Raven, the Black Grouse (cock and hen), and the Ptarmigan (cock and hen). Merlins have increased in numbers in Scotland since the First World War, largely, it is said, because so many gamekeepers left their native haunts and the birds were able to multiply unmolested. The Golden Eagle also multiplies, despite the toll it levies upon grouse and ptarmigan. In the sixteenth century ravens, it is said, were common in the streets of Scottish towns, being encouraged and actively protected for the value of their work as scavengers. Even in the streets of Edinburgh and Leith they went about their disagreeable task quite unmolested.

BRITAIN'S FIRST NATURE RESERVE

(*Continued from page 495*)

A Scottish Committee under the chairmanship of Professor J. R. Matthews, of Aberdeen, with Dr. John Berry as Director for Scotland, is responsible for the Conservancy's affairs in Scotland. A small scientific and administrative staff has been gathered together after considerable searching, for ecologists and administrators with a sympathetic and flexible slant of mind for this kind of work are not common. The word management as used in the Royal Charter is a key to what the scientific staff of the Conservancy will have to do. It is perhaps too little realised that in Great Britain there is but a very small area of truly wild country, by which is meant country unaffected by man, his sundry activities or indirect effects. Large blocks of land empty of mankind, other than hunters and food-gatherers, may perhaps be left to look after themselves as nature sanctuaries, but Britain, with its long pastoral and agricultural history, its industrial civilisation and high density of population has little but its mountain-tops and some shores to provide nature reserves which would not need management.

THE GOLDEN EAGLE, WHICH MAY BE SEEN SOARING ABOVE BEINN EIGHE RESERVE : Eagles sometimes nest on the property, and sometimes in adjacent places. Mountain hares provide an important item in their diet.

Management in this sense means not only the routine of a good landlord, but scientific understanding of the status and changes which occur in the associations and communities of plants and animals. The research to be done by the Conservancy is largely in this intricate field of ecological relationships.

The Beinn Eighe National Nature Reserve is the first one to be declared in Great Britain, and if the fact is a matter for national self-congratulation, it is also one for self-reproach, for we are far behind most European countries in this field. The committees on nature conservation already mentioned reported on a large number of sites which should become reserves, and after further rigorous sifting it is still hoped that about 150 properties will eventually be acquired, thirty of them being in Scotland. But so slowly do these mills grind, selecting among national needs, departmental needs, conflicting modes of land use, local desires and prejudices, that we have only now got our first National Nature Reserve. Further acquisitions are in process and may be expected to be speedier; indeed, they will need to be, for since the committees reported, several suggested reserves have already been lost for good through some encroachment or other.

A LONELY CROFT SITUATED NEAR THE SHORES OF LOCH MAREE : The conifers are typical of those found in the eastern area of the Beinn Eighe Nature Reserve. Some of them are well over two hundred years old.

On left—

THE BEINN EIGHE NATURE RESERVE : In this special "Sphere" drawing Leslie S. Haywood shows the boundaries of and some of the chief landmarks in the 10,000-acres property, which now belongs to the nation. Loch Maree provides the eastern boundary of the Reserve and Glen Grudie runs along part of the western boundary. The highest point is Sgurr Ban, which reaches up to 3,188 ft. in the Beinn Eighe range.

BRITAIN'S FIRST NATIONALLY-OWNED NATURE RESERVE SEEN FROM THE VILLAGE OF KINLOCHEWE—THIS VIEW LOOKS WESTWARD TOWARDS THE HEIGHTS OF BEINN EIGHE, SHOWING THE RUGGED NATURE OF THE TERRAIN: The Reserve, one of 150 to be scheduled in Britain, lies in the heart of an area renowned for its scenic splendour. On the higher ground in the Reserve are some notable specimens of Arctic and Alpine flora, while for the geologist the whole Reserve has a special interest. The rock formations are of Torridian sandstone and Cambrian quartzite. They are probably the oldest in Britain. Examples of glacial action are frequently encountered.

The Beinn Eighe Reserve is a very fine property to put before the nation as an earnest of the Nature Conservancy's work and intentions. It is situated at the south-eastern corner of Loch Maree, in Wester Ross, Ross and Cromarty, and extends to 10,450 acres. It was formerly part of the Great Kinlochewe Deer Forest, which in an earlier time was the eastern side of the domain of the Mackenzies of Gairloch. The area is roughly triangular in shape, the northern apex being a mile south-east of the Bridge of Grudie, on the road above and along Loch Maree. The road bounds the property on the east and south, rounding Kinlochewe and extending along the Torridon road to the summit of the pass at the Gairloch parish boundary. The march then goes due north, along the parish boundary and crosses the ridge of Beinn Eighe, steeply descending the water of Coire Ruadh-Stac to the junction with the Allt Toll a' Ghiubhais, then along the ridge known as Druim Grudie. The highest point in the Reserve is the eastern buttress of the great four-mile ridge of Beinn Eighe, the extremely rough knife-edge known as Sgurr Ban, 3,188 ft. The other discrete hills in the area are Ruadh-Stac Beag and Meall a' Ghiubhais,

THE APPROACH TO BEINN EIGHE: This sketch-map shows the area in North-West Scotland in which the Reserve is situated. It lies about 45 miles from Inverness and 24 miles from Kyle of Lochalsh. The best means of access by road to the Reserve from the south is via Inverness.

A HAUNT OF HIGHLAND WILD LIFE: A pine-clad gully in the Beinn Eighe Nature Reserve. Numerous mountain streams and hill lochs, most of them well-stocked with trout, enhance the beauty of the Reserve. The trees on the lower altitudes include mountain ash, willows, oak and birch, also the remains of the old Caledonian pine forest.

both very rough and over 2,850 ft. high. There is an exceptionally fine corrie between Ruadh-Stac Beag and Sgurr Ban, which has that special charm of being entered by a moderately narrow defile up the Ghiubhais water and then opening out to a broad, gently-sloping expanse, with the steep slopes ringing this quiet place. This is a great spot for deer and in the forest days was very difficult to stalk. The wet south-west wind would be tearing along the tops, but down there in the corrie it would have doubled back and be coming from the north-east, fanning into a turmoil in the floor of the corrie where the deer would be grazing.

It is perhaps slightly unfortunate that the Reserve will carry the name of Beinn Eighe, because the main mass of this striking hill is not part of the property, nor is that superb corrie of Beinn Eighe, Coire Mhic Fhearchair, which has but one peer in the whole of Scotland, the similar Coire Toll Lochain of An Teallach, twenty miles to the north. Visitors would help by remembering that this western massif of Beinn Eighe is not in the Reserve, and thus they will further the good-neighbour policy which the Conservancy is anxious to follow. It is no criticism of the Conservancy to say that the boundary of the Reserve is not one which a biologist and geographer would have chosen. If chance should ever come, it is to be hoped that the rest of Beinn Eighe will be added to the property, and the rivers of Coire Dubh, Coire Mhic Fhearchair and Glen Grudie be the boundaries. This would mean a further 3,000 acres of pastorally useless land, devoid of human habitation.

We can proceed no further without a brief outline of the geology. The basal layer of the whole Reserve is the dark, wine-red Torridonian sandstone characteristic of much of the North-West Highlands. This in itself is poor stuff for plant cover, but much of the Reserve is covered with Cambrian quartzite, which is poorer still. Beinn Eighe is on the edge of that interesting geological phenomenon of the Highlands, the Moine Thrust, which stretches along a 100-mile line from Loch Eriboll to Loch Kishorn, and is characterised by a narrow band of basal quartzite all the way. There is a cap of this gleaming, pinky-white rock on many of the most spectacular peaks of Torridonian sandstone. But Beinn Eighe is a mountain of quartzite, like icing enveloping a Christmas-cake. To see from

(*Continued on following page*)

SOME OF THE WILD INHABITANTS OF THE BEINN EIGHE RESERVE: The Deer, the Roe Deer, the Pine Marten, the Wild Cat and the Fox all exist in this part of Scotland. The great influence which has acted with constant and ever-increasing intensity against the race of deer has been the disappearance of the forests, and for that man has been largely responsible. Other inhabitants of Scotland beside the deer have decreased markedly, among them the Pine Marten, or Mertrick, in the old Scots tongue, which was in former times consistently slaughtered for its "costly furrings." It was one of the most valuable items of export. The disappearance of the Marten has been more rapid than that of the Wild Cat, and it is now the rarer of the two creatures.

BRITAIN'S FIRST NATURE RESERVE

(*Continued from page 497*)

afar, it is magnificent; to walk over it is miserable stuff. The climber's name for this rock is boiler plating, which gives some idea of its unyielding, shiny, slippery, barren quality. Add the shearing influence of glaciations and the country is about the poorest in the whole Highlands. To those who think that in our straitened national circumstances with regard to food, we ought to think twice about making 10,000 acres into a nature reserve, the quality of this rock should be the complete answer. Beinn Eighe has never been profitably under sheep and has not held these animals in recent times. The red deer themselves are small and the antlers of the stags are poor, indicating the low alimental conditions. The country is so short of lime that when the antlers are shed in spring they are chewed and rapidly consumed by the deer. A narrow band along the extreme southern edge of the Reserve is on the much better Metamorphic rock known as the Undifferentiated eastern schist.

The outstanding value of the Reserve is in the remnant of old Caledonian Forest, perhaps a square mile of it, along the slopes above Loch Maree. Remnant is all we can call it now, especially after the devastation wrought by careless felling in the Second German War. Nevertheless, Coille na Glas Leitire, the wood of the grey slope, may be said to survive and needs only care and time to carry it forward into another period of beauty as natural Scots pine forest.

The wood is biologically the chief adornment of the Reserve, and the wood itself is adorned by the presence of that rare British mammal, the pine marten. It is fairly certain that the marten has held this *locus* continuously, and that the present stock is not a recolonisation. The establishment of the Reserve and the attempts which will be made to preserve and extend the pine wood should help the marten, and as there are Forestry Commission plantations farther down the Loch, they may also be colonised from the Glas Leitire stock. The pine marten is the most efficient predator helping to control the red squirrel, which is also present in the wood.

Wild cats have always been plentiful in the perfect habitat for this animal provided by the lightly wooded precipices above Glas Leitire and running parallel with the Loch. It would be pretty well impossible ever to exterminate the cats, and now no one will try. Their population will be controlled by the available food supply. The cats come down to the low ground along the Loch at night and help to keep the rabbits down. Old ones with broken mouths harass the hens of the inhabitants of Kinlochewe, but such cats are easily removed. Osgood Mackenzie, who published *A Hundred Years in the Highlands* in 1921, incidentally, mentions the deliberate introduction of rabbits to the area 100 years ago. The fox also has an effective stronghold in the welter of shattered quartzite on this ground, and the species will look after itself, whatever decisions may be made on control measures. Roe deer are fairly often to be seen in the wood,

THE VILLAGE OF KINLOCHEWE AND THE OLD BRIDGE AMID THE PINE TREES: Kinlochewe stands at the south-eastern corner of the Reserve, at the junction of the roads to Inverness, Gairloch and Loch Torridon. The nearest railway station is at Achnasheen, about eight miles from the Reserve.

and in summer they go for spells to the bare hill to escape from the myriads of tabanid flies and midges. Their depressive effect on the wood will not be important.

The golden eagle may be seen most days over the Reserve. The bird sometimes nests on the property and sometimes on adjacent places. This is a normal alternation for golden eagles, and only very large properties hold their eagles as nesters all the time. For all practical purposes, 10,000 acres is the territory needed for a pair of eagles. The varying or mountain hares, which form a large part of an eagle's diet when they are numerous, are relatively scarce at present in the North-West Highlands, but they do exist in the Reserve above the 2,000-ft. contour. Buzzards are numerous over the loch-side, and there are merlins on the moor in summer. Ptarmigan are fairly common around the tops and there are a few red grouse. The black grouse has been on the decline for some time, but they are to be seen here most years in small numbers. Waterfowl are insignificant on the Reserve except for the goosander, which is increasing in the Highlands. Greenshanks breed regularly on the wet moors, and the black-throated diver has bred on the place and may still do so.

It would be pleasant to describe something of the entomology, but unfortunately very little work has been done. It is safe to assume that the old woodland would repay exploration entomologically, also the barren upper reaches of the quartzite, where there is a specialised insect fauna.

Both flora and fauna of the Beinn Eighe region have suffered in past years from too frequent moor burning. The fire does not extend into the high tops, and, in general, not above the peat line at about 1,800 ft., but the herbage complex below that contour has been sadly depressed and impoverished even beyond the dictates of geology. Botanically, we cannot hope to find anything exciting on most of the Reserve outside the woodland, but there are some pleasant alpines, such as purple saxifrage, mountain azalea, thrift and dwarf cornel. The mountain form of the juniper has declined in recent years. These north-western tops have a distinct boreal character and there is nothing like the variety which is to be found in the Grampian summits. One of the values of the Reserve from the point of view of ecological research will be to note the changes which may take place in a devastated habitat when a system of management is inaugurated which is intended to achieve biological rehabilitation. This long-range research will be of direct value for application to the immense problem confronting this country, of restoring the millions of acres of devastated hill lands to their limited potential of productiveness—a term used in the wide, rather than the narrow pragmatic sense. It cannot be too widely understood that conservation and wise land use are not in opposition, but are complementary in aim and practice.

December in the Saddle

HUNTING DAYS WITH SOME OF THE HOME COUNTIES AND PROVINCIAL PACKS

HUNTING THE WEST SUSSEX COUNTRYSIDE: Captain Withers, of Whips Hill Farm, Midhurst, the acting Master, and Mr. R. Deacon, the Whipper-in, seen moving off to draw after a recent meet at West Stoke. The Cowdray, a comparatively new pack, which came into being in the '20's, hunts a country adjoining the Crawley and Horsham. It is chiefly downs and woodlands. The kennels are at Cowdray Park, Midhurst.

THE MASTER OF THE TIVERTON: The Earl of Eldon, at a recent meet near Cullompton, talks with one of the foot-followers. The Tiverton country is largely in Devon, with a few coverts in West Somerset. It is a country of formidable banks.

THE COWDRAY AFTER THE MEET AT WEST STOKE: The field following the hounds down a lane before drawing the first covert. The Cowdray hunt over country which was formerly hunted over by the Goodwood pack.

HUNTING IN THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND: Mr. J. Pipes, the Huntsman, is seen leading the hounds on the road after the meet of the Tickham at Throwley Forstal, near Faversham. They met on a grey December morning in a strong wind and drizzling rain.

LIGHT REFRESHMENT AT THE INN DOOR AT A MEET OF THE EGGESFORD: Mr. Bill Tozer, the Master, and Mr. Bert Wills, the Huntsman, at a meet at Lapford. The Eggesford country is some of the roughest and wildest in Devon. The banks, often with hedges on top, are a feature.

WITH THE TICKHAM AT THROWLEY FORSTAL: Miss M. Finn, of Lorenden, one of the joint Masters, seen with the Huntsman, Mr. Pipes, at the meet. The best centres for hunting with the Tickham are Faversham and Sittingbourne. The first Master of this pack was Mr. W. Rigden, who hunted the country from 1832. His last year as Master was in 1871 when, aged seventy-nine, he was killed out hunting.

THE GHOST BELLS OF GREAT BEALINGS

Some Mysterious Manifestations from the Suffolk Countryside

OF the many fine Georgian homes in Suffolk, there can be few more reminiscent of days spacious and plenteous than Great Bealings House, situated but a mile or two from Woodbridge, and in meadowlands dotted with clusters of ancient trees. The cedars standing close to the house itself lend to it an air of veneration. So also do the lithe pines aspiring within calling distance from what is probably the largest tumulus in this ancient province of the Iceni.

The quiet pastures around the old house retain much of archæological interest. The Saxons built and laboured here, and the base of one of their ancient crosses may still be seen. As for the tumulus, it yielded those Roman vases now on view in the museum at Ipswich. No wonder one hears in the parish of Bealings so many traditions of Boadicea, the Warrior Queen!

In the gently-sloping meadow in front of the old house stands a pyramidal monument surmounted by three carved heads in stone, and with a stone carving let into its south side. No one seems to know anything about this monument except that its carved parts were brought from the Elephanta Caves by the very Major Moor who recorded with such precision the inexplicable behaviour of the bells in the kitchen of Great Bealings House.

In 1841 there was printed at Woodbridge a little book written by Major Moor, F.R.S., giving an account of the mysterious ringing, in 1834, of the bells in the kitchen of this old Suffolk manor. Their uncanny behaviour began on Sunday, February 2, 1834. When the Major returned from church late that afternoon, he was told that, between two and five o'clock, the dining-room bell had rung thrice, unaccountably.

The incident would have escaped recollection had it not been that, shortly before 5 p.m. the following day, the Major himself heard the same bell ring no fewer than four times, when the dining-room was unoccupied. When, after several hours' absence, the Major returned on the following afternoon, he learnt that all the bells in the kitchen had been ringing violently. Indeed, one peal sounded in his ears as he entered the house. The cook told him that the five bells on the right hand had been ringing every quarter of an hour since three o'clock. There were in the kitchen nine bells. They hung in a row, 10 ft. above the floor, each about 1 ft. apart. One may see them, together with a tenth, added later, hanging there to-day.

While Major Moor, his son, the cook and another servant stood watching and listening, the same five bells began to ring so violently that it would not have surprised them had they broken loose. Only the cook was unperturbed by their performance: she had heard and witnessed it so often that by now she was fairly accustomed to it. They renewed their agitation ten minutes later. A third peal from the same five sounded a quarter of an hour later, by which time observers other than members of the household were present.

A little before six that evening, as dinner was about to be served in the room usually known as the breakfast-room, its bell rang by itself. No one was within reach of the bell-pull. During dinner the five bells rang three or four times, and they continued to do so until 7.45 p.m., when Tuesday's final peal sounded. They were seen and heard by the Major's staff of six servants, as they sat in the kitchen.

These bells had been hung in 1806, twenty-eight years before. Save for that in the breakfast-room, the wire of which had been repaired by a bell-ringer from Woodbridge who had assisted in the original installing of them, they had been so well hung as to have given not the slightest trouble.

THE STRANGE PYRAMID OF GREAT BEALINGS: It stands in a meadow before the house. No one knows much about it, but it is said that the three heads at its peak were brought from the celebrated Caves of Elephanta, on an island in Bombay Harbour, which date from the 9th century. Another stone carving is let into the south side of the pyramid.

Precisely at 11 a.m. the following day, while Major Moor was in the breakfast-room with his son and grandson, and three or four persons were in the kitchen, there was heard a peal from the original five. The Major hurried to the kitchen to watch the bells. After the lapse of another three minutes, the same five pealed again, and yet again after four minutes. The bell to the extreme right—that of the best bedroom—rang with such vehemence that the flexible strip of iron to which it was attached actually struck the kitchen ceiling! After two minutes' silence, the persistent five rang again. The cook, for the first time, showed signs of perturbation. A message boy from Woodbridge, who was in the kitchen, declared that "he was never so st mm'd in all his life."

The Major now instructed a servant to make a tour of the entire house, ringing each bell, in turn, by its pull, while he remained in the kitchen to observe the results. All the bells answered in the normal way. Their vehemence had in no way impaired their proper response. On his return from Woodbridge that afternoon, the servants reported that the five bells which, throughout, had been the most persistent, had pealed several times during his absence.

To his account, written on February 25, 1834, and verified, before submission, by various members of his family and staff, Major Moor added a postscript mentioning that he had discussed the bells' conduct with half-a-dozen intelligent, though perhaps sceptical, gentlemen in Woodbridge. To their questions he answered that he kept no monkey, that Great Bealings House was not rat-infested, and that the wires of the bells were visible in their entire course from the pulls, except where they passed through holes in walls.

"The bells are ringing again!" were the words with which the Major was greeted when he returned home on the afternoon of March 15. On making for the kitchen, he was informed that at 2.40 p.m. the butler (the only servant in the house at the time) had seen and heard "the five," as they were now termed. The other servants, meanwhile, were engaged at tasks elsewhere. None of them was within reach of the bells' wires or pulls. Twenty minutes later, these five bells rang again while three servants were in the kitchen. A neighbour was present with them there when, at 3.45, there occurred the third peal that afternoon. This was followed a few minutes later by the bell of the best bedroom, which sounded by itself.

A few days later, when Major Moor was in London, his son, the Rev. F. J. Moor, wrote to tell him that at 1.20 p.m. on Saturday, March 22, the bells had again been active. According to the reverend gentleman, they rang again on Thursday, March 27. That was the last day on which any of the bells in Great Bealings House rang unaccountably. They began their antics on February 2, and ceased after March 27.

The original bells still hang in the kitchen. When on a visit to this lovely, old house recently I glanced up at them every time I entered the kitchen. They drooped there, perfectly still and quiescent, as though the exertions of 1834 had tired them out. But my host, Harry Crane, told me of another ghostly manifestation at Great Bealings House—that of a little old lady in grey, seen tripping silently in and out of the powder-closet off the bedroom I occupied. She didn't put in an appearance for *my* benefit, however.

More remarkable are the occurrences at Rosery Cottage, where Charles Crafer, Harry Crane's groom, lives with his wife.

The room at the west end of this house has two windows—a north window and a south—which face one another. Both look out over the garden. Round this end of the house runs a footpath, passing close to both windows. It would take one about twenty seconds to walk leisurely round the gable-end, from one window to the other.

At dusk one Sunday evening last January, while Crafer and his wife were sitting over the fire in the *end* room, as they call it, the latter heard footsteps on the path. On rising to look out of the *north* window, she just caught a glimpse of a man's face—a side view, she tells me. Thinking this was someone approaching the front door by way of the gable-end, she waited for a little, hoping that she might see him as he passed the *south* window. But no one appeared to go by this window; and no one came to the front door. Nor was anyone to be seen anywhere near it.

When her husband came in she related the incident to him; and he was sufficiently interested to ask such of their neighbours as *might* have come to the house why they had walked round it, and then departed without as much as tapping at the door. None, however, had been anywhere near Rosery Cottage at dusk that day.

The incident passed off; and, indeed, it might have been forgotten had not something similar occurred during my stay at Great Bealings House last June.

About 4.30 on a Sunday afternoon, and in broad daylight, the groom and his wife were seated in this same room when *both* of them heard footsteps on the path, and *both* distinctly saw the side face, head and cap of a man passing by the north window.

"That's the man I saw go past the window in January!" exclaimed Mrs. Crafer.

Both husband and wife expected to see a caller now go by the *south* window, and were mystified when he did not do so. Mrs. Crafer immediately hastened upstairs to the room overhead, the window of which, looking out over the end of the house, gave a view of the only direction in which the man could have gone. But there was no sign of anyone outside the house. From this window she had an uninterrupted view of the garden, separated from the meadow by *two* barbed-wire fences, a couple of feet apart.

Alasdair Alpin MacGregor

ROSERY COTTAGE, WHERE A PHANTOM HAS FREQUENTLY BEEN SEEN: Mr. Harry Crane, of Great Bealings House, stands by the fence. Mounted beside him is his groom, Crafer. Mrs. Crafer stands in the doorway of the cottage. Both she and her husband have seen the Phantom of Rosery Cottage on several occasions.

GREAT BEALINGS HOUSE, SUFFOLK: Of the many fine Georgian homes of Suffolk, there can be few more reminiscent of days spacious and plenteous than Great Bealings. Here, in the last century, the Five Bells rang their frenzied peals.

THE FIVE BELLS OF GREAT BEALINGS: They hang in the kitchen of the great old house, still and quiescent, as though the exertions of 1834 have tired them out. But in that year, at intervals for fifty-three days, their clamour agitated a whole household.

COMEDY *by* COWARD

THE CHRISTMAS ICE SHOW AT EARLS COURT

"THERE ARE APPARENTLY SOME GIRL GUIDES IN THE SHRUBBERY": The butler (Richard Leech) informs the household of the village girls who are lying in wait with their autograph books for the film-star visitors. One of the many amusing scenes in Noël Coward's latest comedy, *Relative Values*, at the Savoy Theatre. Left to right are Gladys Cooper, Renée Hill, Simon Lack, Richard Leech and Ralph Michael. Noël Coward, after two unsuccessful musical shows, has produced another taut and witty comedy in which he is brilliantly served by a cast which includes Gladys Cooper, Angela Baddeley, Richard Leech, Judy Campbell and Hugh McDermott. The story concerns the tribulations of a noble family, whose heir has become engaged to a Hollywood film-star, the despised sister of the family's faithful housekeeper. Into the disturbed atmosphere of the great house the figure of the film-star's Hollywood ex-boy friend weaves his solemnly alcoholic path—a part which is beautifully played by Hugh McDermott—to the Shavian running commentary of the butler (Richard Leech). The comedy tilts at the new order of social equality and contains a measure of sentiment in the character of the faithful housekeeper who finds her position intolerable when it seems likely that her sister, who went to the bad (and to Hollywood), is about to become the new mistress of the house. Angela Baddeley plays the part with much humour and sensitivity.

FELICITY, COUNTESS OF MARSHWOOD, AND THE YOUNG EARL: Gladys Cooper returns to the London stage and gives an outstanding comedy performance as the mother of the Earl, who has become involved with a film-star.

NOT VALUED RELATIVES: Angela Baddeley, as the Marshwoods' housekeeper, reveals her identity to her film-star sister, Miranda Frayle (played by Judy Campbell). Behind is Ralph Michael as the Earl of Marshwood, who has become engaged to Miranda to the consternation of his family and of the family servants.

DEMOCRACY: The drunken film-star (Hugh McDermott), ex-lover of Miranda Frayle, seeks the advice of the Marshwoods' butler, an Admirable Crichton with a tendency toward Shavian dialogue.

"PUSS IN BOOTS ON ICE": Diana Grafton makes a spectacular leap as the Dame in this year's ice show at the Empress Hall, Earls Court, which began its Christmas season last Thursday. This is Miss Grafton's third appearance as the Dame in an ice pantomime. *On right*—PUSS AND THE PRINCE: James Carter, from Texas, plays the Prince and Dinkie Stapleton, of Hove, Sussex, is Puss. *Puss in Boots on Ice* has two other leading American skaters besides James Carter—Eric Waite as the King and Alice Farrer as Principal Girl—and a cast of 200. Two days before the opening night of *Puss in Boots*, the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Leslie Boyce, declared open the Empire Pool at Wembley for the performance of another ice show, *Robinson Crusoe*, with Daphne Walker as star. This show, publicised as a "fabulous collection of spectacle, romance, sizzling action and magnificent skating," has cost over £100,000 to put on and scenes include a 40-ft. waterfall and a battle between British sailors and cannibals!

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

Portugal in Winter

OFFERS PERFECT RIVIERA CONDITIONS AT THE START OF THE YEAR

BIG SHIPS AND LITTLE SHIPS IN THE PORT OF LISBON: By sea Lisbon is linked with Britain by several shipping lines, while by air the journey can be made most comfortably between breakfast and tea. Lisbon stands on the estuary of the Tagus about nine miles from its mouth. There are frequent electric trains to the resort of Estoril. The harbour at Lisbon is one of the finest in the world, being lined with several miles of quays with up-to-date equipment.

IN the world as we find it to-day I know of no happier country than Portugal. It is threatened by no great Power; it is far from the explosive storm-centres of Central Europe; while its fertile soil is well able to supply all the food and wine which its people require for their health and contentment. There is, indeed, something wonderfully appealing to the visitor in being amidst such a peaceful community, and when you link this atmosphere with Nature's three gifts of light, sunshine and beauty, then you have a combination suggesting an earthly paradise.

But should you be lucky enough to escape from the cold, grey, wintry skies of England and seek sunshine and warmth in Portugal, it is as well to remember that you should select your resort there with some care, for January and February are the rainy months in many parts of the country. You will be safe, however, if you plan to go either to the Costa do Sol, Estoril and its neighbours—the Estoris—which offer perfect "Riviera" conditions, or much farther south to the Algarve coast, close to the Gulf of Cadiz, where you will find the hottest and sunniest winter climate in Europe. Here on a January afternoon it can be warmer than in a northern June, and by the beginning of February the spring is already well advanced. During these two months you can bathe and sunbathe to your heart's content on its golden beaches.

To reach Estoril or the Algarve, you must first travel to Lisbon. By air, the journey can be made most comfortably between breakfast and tea, the return fare being £57. There are frequent services, particulars of which can be obtained from your travel agent or the Casa de Portugal (Portuguese Official Bureau, 20, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1.).

Overland, by rail, via Paris and through France and Spain, there is an ordinary train taking forty-eight hours between Paris and Lisbon and an express train (1st class only in Spain and Portugal) which takes thirty-four hours. The journey is tedious, and you must change trains at the Franco-Spanish border. The all-in cost, first class, from London to Lisbon is much the same as for the journey by air.

By sea, Lisbon is linked with England by several steamship lines (particulars from Casa de Portugal). The voyage takes about three days each way, and the return fares range from £24 (tourist class) to £34 up (first class), inclusive of berth and food. It is essential, however, to make sure of your return reservation well in advance. Poor sailors may find conditions in the Bay of Biscay rather trying during the winter months.

A rather exciting alternative route in one direction is to sail from or to Vigo, in Spain (Spanish transit visa necessary), for this enables the traveller to visit, conveniently, the great Cathedral of Santiago de Compostela, which is one of the glories of the Iberian Peninsula. Never mind if it rains, as it probably will, in this marvellous medieval town, for it is one of the most remarkable places in all Europe—worth going a thousand miles to see. From Vigo there is a direct train to Lisbon—a thirteen-hour journey.

Between Lisbon and Estoril there is a frequent service of electric trains, the journey taking half-an-hour. To the Algarve there are three express trains a week (also slower trains), with restaurant cars, and to reach Portimão (Praia da Rocha) entails a pleasant and interesting seven-hours trip. Strangers are invariably surprised and delighted with the excellence of the Portuguese railways, which are run by a private company. The rolling-stock is ultra-modern, the compartments comfortable and spotlessly clean, and the smartly uniformed staff most courteous and helpful. Do not, therefore, be deterred from visiting the Algarve by the thought of a troublesome rail journey. Incidentally, your ticket for this part of your trip can be bought in Britain and paid for in sterling, outside of your currency allowance.

I specifically mentioned Praia da Rocha as a destination, for it is the only resort on the Algarve coast where there is a fairly high standard of hotel accommodation, but this need not deter you from going elsewhere. In all the coastal towns and villages you will find simple but adequate hotels, inns and pensions. Faro, for instance, in the Eastern Algarve, might well be considered.

The two recommended winter holiday areas in Portugal differ considerably in type. At Estoril there are all the familiar adjuncts of a Mediterranean watering-place, including a vast casino in the most modern style of French architecture, palatial hotels, luxury shops, tea-rooms, facilities for games and sports (including golf), and a small but pleasant plage. There is also a competent information centre and reading-room, where you will find English papers.

One definite appeal of Estoril is its accessibility to Lisbon, where you will find various entertainments and interests, and from which you can also make daily excursions to such places as Sintra, Mafra, Evora, Alcobaça, Batalha and Tomar. I must warn you, however, that the responsible Portuguese authorities are artistic vandals, for under the guise of restoration they have succeeded in practically ruining the original beauty of many of their most famous historic buildings. Their most dastardly act has been to raze to the ground much of old Coimbra, one of the most ancient and famous of European university towns, and raising up in its place quite hideous modernistic buildings. Fortunately the lovely library has so far been spared from this ruthless destruction.

Prices in fashionable Estoril are, naturally, not cheap, but one first-class hotel—the Paris—is now offering to Britons pension terms of £1 a day, inclusive of service and taxes. This is a travel bargain. Then, if you go to near-by Mont' Estoril, favoured by many visitors, there is the delightful Hotel Atlantico, where each bedroom looking out to sea has its own private balcony, a veritable sun-trap. Here, too, prices are reasonable.

A mile beyond Mont' Estoril is the quaint old fishing-port of Cascais. It is an enchanting spot for a holiday, but there is only pension accommodation (Rico recommended). You will, however, find here two of the best restaurants in Portugal—the Fim do Mundo and the Casa da Laura. An excellent bathing beach, a couple of lovely sylvan parks and many attractive walks make Cascais ideal for those who prefer to be away from the rather artificial social life of Estoril.

Lisbon is rather dull for the stranger, although it is a beautiful city. You should not miss a visit to the remarkable Coach Museum at Belem, while near by are the Tower of Belem, the Convent of Jeronimos and the Popular Art Museum, all worth visiting. You may also care to listen to the melancholy singers in a *fado* café, but this form of musical entertainment is an acquired taste. Then there is the Port Wine Institute, where you have the choice of hundreds of varieties of ports.

THE STREET OF THE HOLY SPIRIT: This picturesque alleyway is in the Alfama or Lisboa Oriental quarter of the old town. The city is divided into three parts, the others being Lisboa Occidental, the modern quarter, with many fine buildings, and the Cidade Baixa, or lower town.

Praia da Rocha ("Beach of the Rocks") has a fine situation overlooking the open sea. It is built on rocks, while fantastically-shaped rocks dot the beach. From this centre buses radiate to such interesting old towns as Silves and Lagos, taking you along roads lined with mimosa-trees in flower, while early in February the countryside becomes covered with almond blossom—a glorious sight.

From Faro, the little towns of Loulé and Olhão should be visited. The best day to see Loulé is on a Friday, when a typical open-air Portuguese market is held. Olhão is a strange place, with its white, flat-roofed houses of cubist design, more suggestive of a North African village than anything in Europe. Both Loulé and Olhão are noted for their processions during Carnival Week. Incidentally, at Faro you can lodge most comfortably at the Pension Pinguin, which is run by a Scotsman, late of the Foreign Service. From the Casa de Portugal you can obtain, gratis, an excellent guide book on the Algarve, which was written by an English resident.

Most people have the idea that Portugal is an expensive country. If they must live in first-class hotels, then they will naturally find it dear, but this is the case in most countries. However, provided they are prepared to live normally, they will find comfortable beds, ample good food, perfect cleanliness, and a hospitable welcome available for around 12s. 6d. to 15s. per day for full pension. The "extras" of life, too, are usually cheap. In Estoril, naturally, prices are definitely higher, while in Lisbon costs are slightly lower than in London. But you can get detailed information on any matter by getting in touch with the Casa de Portugal in London.

Gordon Cooper.

A MAGNIFICENT MODERN AVENUE IN THE NORTH-EASTERN QUARTER OF LISBON : This is the Alameda (Avenue) D. Alfonso Henriques, named after the first monarch of Portugal. The low white building at the far end is the Higher Technical Institute, part of the Faculty of Science of Lisbon University. This district of the Portuguese capital has arisen during the past ten years and is still in the course of development.

GOLFING IN THE WINTER SUNSHINE OF PORTUGAL : This is a view from the Club House at Estoril, situated in a part of the country offering perfect "Riviera" conditions to the tourist. Here the visitor will escape the rains of January and February which deluge many parts of Portugal. The journey from Lisbon to Estoril takes only half an hour.

THE CASINO AT ESTORIL, A FAVOURITE PORTUGUESE TOURIST RESORT : Estoril enjoys an abundance of sunshine throughout the year. Winter holiday-makers from Northern Europe can forget the fogs and raw winds of home in the warm southern breezes here.

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

FROM OLD AND NEW LISBON

To the Sunlit Shores of Estoril

THE RUO DO CARMO, A STREET IN DOWN-TOWN LISBON : The strange and heavily ornate tower in the background encloses a lift which takes members of the public from the street's lower level to the higher, which is marked by railings on top of the buildings behind. The only other way of getting to the upper level of this truly remarkable street is by climbing several hundred steps.

A STREET CORNER IN THE WORKING-CLASS DISTRICT OF LISBON : Before the Crucifix hangs an ever-burning lamp. The little crooked houses are whitewashed and bare, but they have a character not to be found in the austere functional beauty of modern architecture.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

A NEW FORCE and an OLD FAVOURITE

Walter Baxter's Powerful New Novel, "Look Down in Mercy"; Stella Gibbons' Light-hearted Story of "The Swiss Summer"

IT is well known that the overworking of clichés is an occupational disease of publishers, but for once we may agree that the phrase may stand when they describe LOOK DOWN IN MERCY, by Walter Baxter (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.), as "a work of startling reality and of exceptional power." This is a first book by a new writer, and its immediate success should be an object-lesson to all those who still think that these are difficult days for unknown writers.

It is frankly a war book; most of the action takes place in the Burma campaign. Kent is a Company Commander of a good average type, well up to his job and well able to look after and to lead his men. The story as it unfolds shows his gradual disintegration. There is a seduction scene which almost amounts to rape, a tragic and criminal association with his batman, and the ultimate betrayal of his own men. There could be but one end for Kent, and he takes it.

That he could have found salvation in the one path open to him is implicit in the title and provides the key to its essential religious intent. This is not a book for the squeamish nor yet for those who like a pleasant week-end's enjoyment with a library book. It is a serious and powerful plea for compassion towards those human frailties which can be revealed in the most normal of men under exceptional physical, mental and moral pressure. By any standards it is a remarkable first novel, and Mr. Walter Baxter has already established himself as a writer of the first importance.

A new novel by Miss Stella Gibbons is really something to look forward to, although by this time she must be fed up with the inevitable comparisons with *Cold Comfort Farm*. THE SWISS SUMMER (Longmans. 12s. 6d.) is a pole apart from that classic work, although she can handle her characters with the same penetrating astringency. A handful of them, mostly suburban types, gathered together fortuitously to spend a summer in a solidly built Swiss chalet many thousands of feet up under the shadow of the Jüngfrau.

It is a light-hearted novel, easy to read, and most pleasantly entertaining. Miss Stella Gibbons is one of those writers who can carry one along through the most improbable situations by the brightness of her observation of human foibles, and I, for one, am not going to regret that in this book she has come a long way from *Cold Comfort Farm*

Miss Mary Mitchell is another practised novelist who seems to have written a great many books since her *Warning to Wantons* first delighted, and collected for herself, a large audience. PRISONER'S BASE (Methuen. 12s. 6d.) is all about a young man brought up in a small hamlet in what I believe is known as the "outback" in the Australian State of Victoria. His father dies when he is very young so he has to go and work for a curmudgeonly aunt. All his youthful ambitions are stifled, and his only real friends are his hard-working mother and his dog.

At the outbreak of war he joins the Air Force and life begins anew for him. Shot down and taken prisoner, he spends two terrible years in dreadful conditions and in solitary confinement. Returning to Broughty's Creek a changed man, he nevertheless picks up life more or less as he had lived it; and although the *dénouement* may sound something of an anti-climax, in Miss Mitchell's skilful hands it is nothing of the sort. *Prisoner's Base* is, in fact, a readable and, at times, moving novel.

Damon Runyon's fans, and they must be legion, owe a debt of gratitude to Messrs. Constable for collecting a complete edition of the Turp material in one volume. THE TURPS, by Damon Runyon (Constable. 12s. 6d.), contains not only those pieces about Joe and Ethel Turp with which some of us are familiar, but a lot of new material not hitherto published in this country. "The amusing result has more continuity than in other of Runyon's stories," which should be enough for any enthusiast to go straight off and buy *The Turps*.

THE MARRIAGE OF SIR JOHN HEYGATE: The novelist and his bride, the former Mrs. Dora Gillespie, of Donegal, seen as they left Chelsea Register Office after their recent wedding.

Similarly, English readers of the *New Yorker*, who I understand to be a mighty throng, will need no exhortation to acquire THE SWISS FAMILY PERELMAN (with drawings by the inimitable Hirschfeld, whose profiles of the prognathous author are classic embellishments of the art of caricature), published by Reinhardt and Evans at 12s. 6d. Out of San Francisco, bound for the fabulous South Seas and the gorgeous East, set out Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Perelman and their two children. "Rancours Aweigh" proclaims the first chapter. By chapter 5 they are off the coast of Borneo, proclaiming "Columbia, the Crumb of the Ocean": an esoteric crack likely to be much appreciated in N.Y.22.

On round the world, until with "How Much Lotus Can You Eat?" we find Mr. P. being compared to a camel by Solange, the manicurist of Beaulieu-sur-Mer. "Decorum, with Bread Sauce" extracts some wry snarls at the horrors of the Royal Weevil Hotel on the Devon coast. But they loved Dublin and "were the victims of mass hypnosis in Copenhagen." Followed "a period of ferment and restless exertion" in Paris, from thence to embark upon their erstwhile honeymoon ship, the *Bagatelle*, which exuded "an ineradicable smell of boiled cauliflower" until they were in sight, once more, of the "topless towers of Manhattan."

Not all of it, but most of it is very, very funny.

Another welcome reappearance from the U.S.A is Mr. H. Allen Smith. His new novel stems from a meeting of the Mt. Kisko Philosophical Society, who delegate Mr. Smith to go West and investigate those tales of cowboys, guns and lawlessness which had been percolating to the Eastern seaboard. WE WENT THATAWAY (Arthur Barker. 9s. 6d.) is the riotous account of his adventures. He found, for instance, that not only the cowboys, but girls, and everybody else, wore cowboy clothes made in New York; that he could learn all about D. H. Lawrence from a man named Doughbelly Price in Taos, and some other things of a similar nature which you should read for yourself to enjoy it the more.

PALOMA, by Mrs. Robert Henrey (Dent. 15s.), is an enchanting book which is difficult to describe. It is all about a woman whom the author met during the war on a chair in the Green Park. Paloma first appears as one of a group of women who used to go to the same place every day for fresh air, relaxation and to exercise their dogs. But as Mrs. Henrey's acquaintanceship ripens into friendship, the character of Paloma begins to take hold of the reader.

In the past she had been a great beauty, and she came from Saulieu, in the heart of Burgundy. Through the author's encounters with her, her story emerges until she returns to her native village, there to die in the grand manner in which she had always lived. I find it almost impossible to convey the quality of this remarkable work, for Mrs. Henrey has a feminine and intuitive approach which is difficult to describe. I can only say that her portrait of a remarkable woman is both convincing and entertaining.

Professor D. W. Brogan is well known to millions of listeners as a man of encyclopædic knowledge and formidable erudition. THE PRICE OF REVOLUTION (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.) is a serious work, but worthy of all to be received, for it is written with the lightest touch and, in the footnotes at any rate, with much entertainment. In the space of a brief notice it is not possible to outline the scope of Professor Brogan's argument, but I hope it may induce some people to go and get the book if I quote the last sentence: "Just as William James wanted to find a moral equivalent for war, Western society may have to find a moral equivalent for the more attractive sides of imperialism."

All devotees of the literature of crime will be indebted to Mr. W. N. Roughead for gathering together a selection of his father's works under the title of CLASSIC CRIMES (Cassell. 17s. 6d.). There are twelve of them, all famous cases, all true, and all set down with that meticulous detail, literary skill and sense of humour for which William Roughead is famous. There is also a gem of a preface by the late James Bridie.

Other New Publications

IRELAND'S ABBEY THEATRE, A History, 1899-1951 (Sidgwick and Jackson. 30s.), *has been compiled for the Abbey Theatre authorities by Lennox Robinson.*

LIFAR ON CLASSICAL BALLET (Wingate. 21s.), *edited by Arnold L. Haskell, has a foreword by Karsavina.*

J. Hillier has written and illustrated **OLD SURREY WATER-MILLS** (Skeffington. 21s.) *as a guide to some of the least-frequented waterside scenes in the county.*

Leading rose authorities in Britain and the U.S.A. have co-operated with N. P. Harvey in his work on **THE ROSE IN BRITAIN** (Plant Protection. 17s. 6d).

IT'S AN OLD SCOTTISH CUSTOM (Dennis Dobson. 10s. 6d.), *by Neil McCallum, disentangles fact from fiction and shows a country that is vitally alive.*

Aubrey West's **WRITTEN BY HAND** (George Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.) *contains examples of the handwriting of many eminent men and women.*

THE KING'S GUARDS, Horse and Foot (Macdonald. 30s.), *by Henry Legge-Bourke, describes the traditions and pageantry of the Household Cavalry and of the Brigade of Guards on ceremonial occasions.*

Charles Addams' **MONSTER RALLY** (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.), *with a foreword by John O'Hara, is a collection of the cartoonist's unique drawings.*

WITH TILMAN IN CHINESE TURKESTAN

Gay Adventuring in Asia's High Places

Adventuring in the high places and in the remote places of the earth provides fare of first-rate interest. Foremost among the new travel books is H. W. Tilman's CHINA TO CHITRAL (Cambridge University Press. 25s.). Mr. Tilman, a former leader upon Everest, takes us to the kind of country, wild, high and thinly populated, where he is at his best. In this light-hearted travelogue, the outcome of a visit to Chinese Turkestan in 1948, where he joined forces with Eric Shipton, also of Everest fame, who was then Consul-General in Kashgar, Mr. Tilman describes this rich field for mountaineers. As he says in his preface: "My theme is mountains, unsullied by science and alleviated with Chinese brandy," and in this strange land, known to so few Europeans, with its satisfying mixture of desert and mountain, of Moslem and Buddhist, of settled folk and nomad, where the bread and melons of the one are rivalled by the cream, yoghourt and kumis of the other, where Kirghiz and Kazak live much as they did in the days of Genghis Khan, Mr. Tilman obviously enjoyed himself immensely. He started his journey by a 10,000-mile flight to Shanghai and then, escaping from the dirt, heat, noise and general exasperation of the over-populated seaport city, he headed westwards for Urumchi, that town with a splendid name which, says the author, "belied its promise of rollicking iniquity." Climbing Mr. Tilman did in plenty, not always successfully, if gaining summits be the only goal, and one of his most memorable excursions was to Bogdo Ola, a group including the handsome Scholalsky Peak. The excursion ended in a no less memorable farewell party given by the Mayor of Urumchi, a party which reminded him of Sancho's reflection: "Cursed bad wine is better than Holy Water." When Mr. Tilman began to emerge into civilisation, there were rumours on the Indian frontier that the world was at war again. "There was no time to be lost," he writes, "although modern wars are such long-drawn-out affairs that it would not be easy to arrive too late to take part, yet it would never do to commit such a solecism." Altogether, this is a most refreshing narrative, and the photographs which go with it, informatively and often entertainingly captioned, give an excellent idea of Mr. Tilman's wild and happy Turkestanian hunting ground.

And now from the mountain-girt fastnesses of Asia to the African jungle. Here are three new volumes from the "Dark Continent," all of somewhat similar character, all the outcome of memorable journeyings. In TO-MORROW'S A HOLIDAY (Robert Hale. 18s.), Arthur Loveridge gives highly diverting descriptions of the wild creatures and the African tribes he encountered during two safaris among the mountains, plains and lakes of Tanganyika Territory. His loyal and amusing African helpers—Salimu, Ramagan and Abedi—provide much of the entertainment in this account of a well-planned search for rare animals and reptiles. Colin Wills writes essentially of the people and their widely differing cultures in his book WHITE TRAVELLER IN BLACK AFRICA (Dennis Dobson. 12s. 6d.). His journeyings have taken him to Nigeria, Gold Coast, Sierra Leone, and Gambia, but like Mr. Loveridge he has an eye for picturesque detail and a love of the primitive land and its people. JUNGLE PATHFINDER (Hutchinson. 15s.) is a biography by Kathaleen Stevens Rukavina of Chirupula Stephenson, that remarkable man who went to the Cape Colony as a telegraphist in the 1890's (just as Cecil Rhodes was forging his fabulous British South African Company) and made such an impact upon the Rhodesians that within a quarter of a century he was a legend both among the white people and the black people. Chirupula married two native girls, and has come to be regarded as an essential link between white and black in the development of Central Africa. Kathaleen Rukavina writes with great understanding of African racial problems No less deep is her understanding of Chirupula, this extraordinary personality, whom she first met when she arrived in Rhodesia at the age of twelve.

Stephen L. Caiger, in BRITISH HONDURAS PAST AND PRESENT (George Allen and Unwin. 18s.), writes about one of Britain's most neglected colonies. He tells the story of this interesting land from the days of its early settlement by the logwood cutters and buccaneers up to the present. The concluding chapter deals with the vast possibilities for development in an area which, he says, could maintain a population many times its present size

Prince William of Sweden, brother of King Gustav, is the author of SOMETHING OF MY COUNTRY (William Hodge. 15s.). This is an appreciation of Sweden by one who knows its coasts from many years of service as a naval officer, and its highways and byways from long searching for subjects for his film camera.

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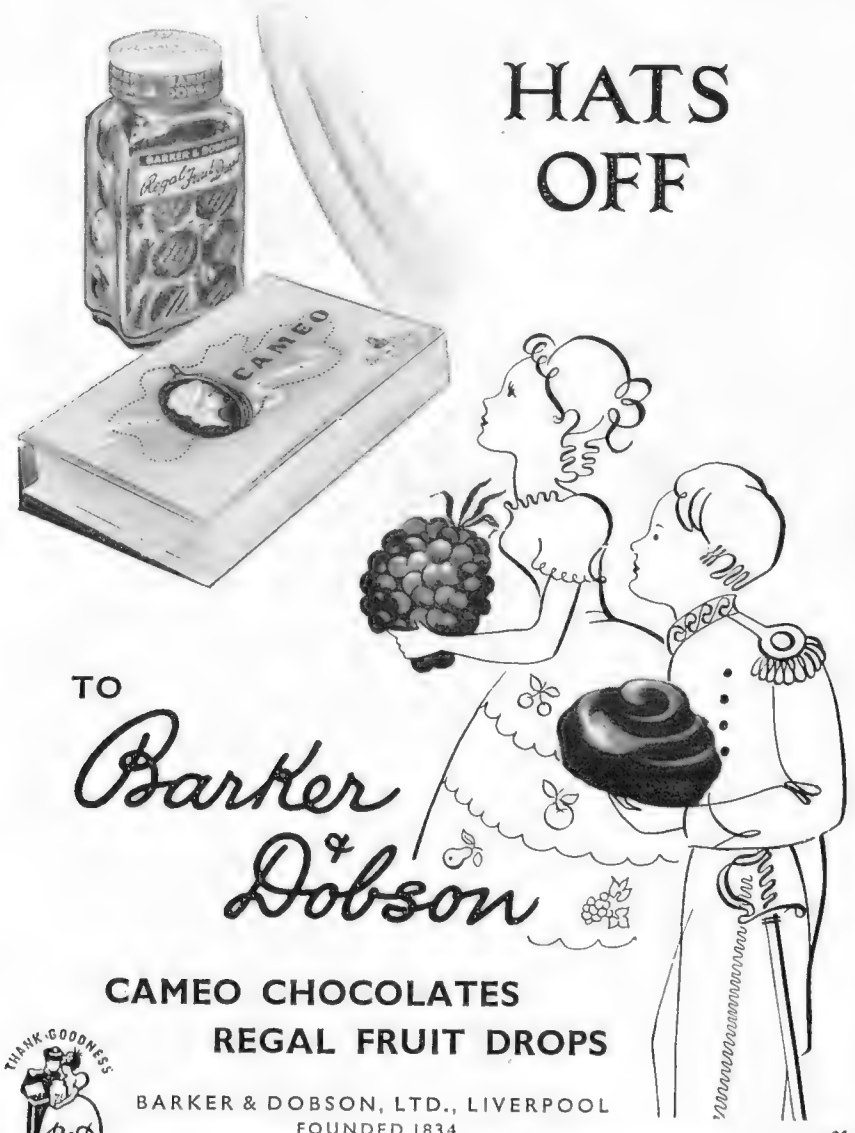

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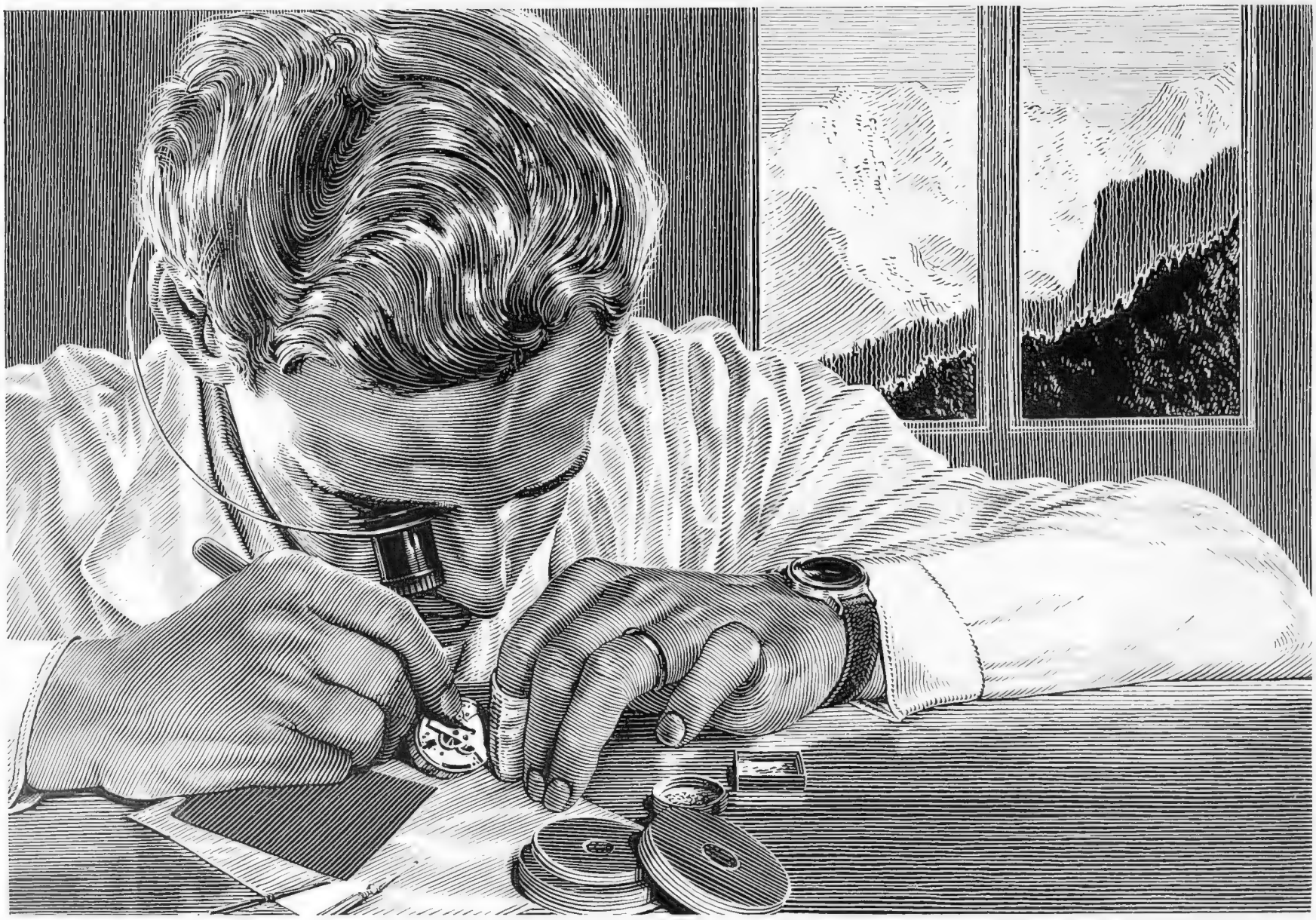

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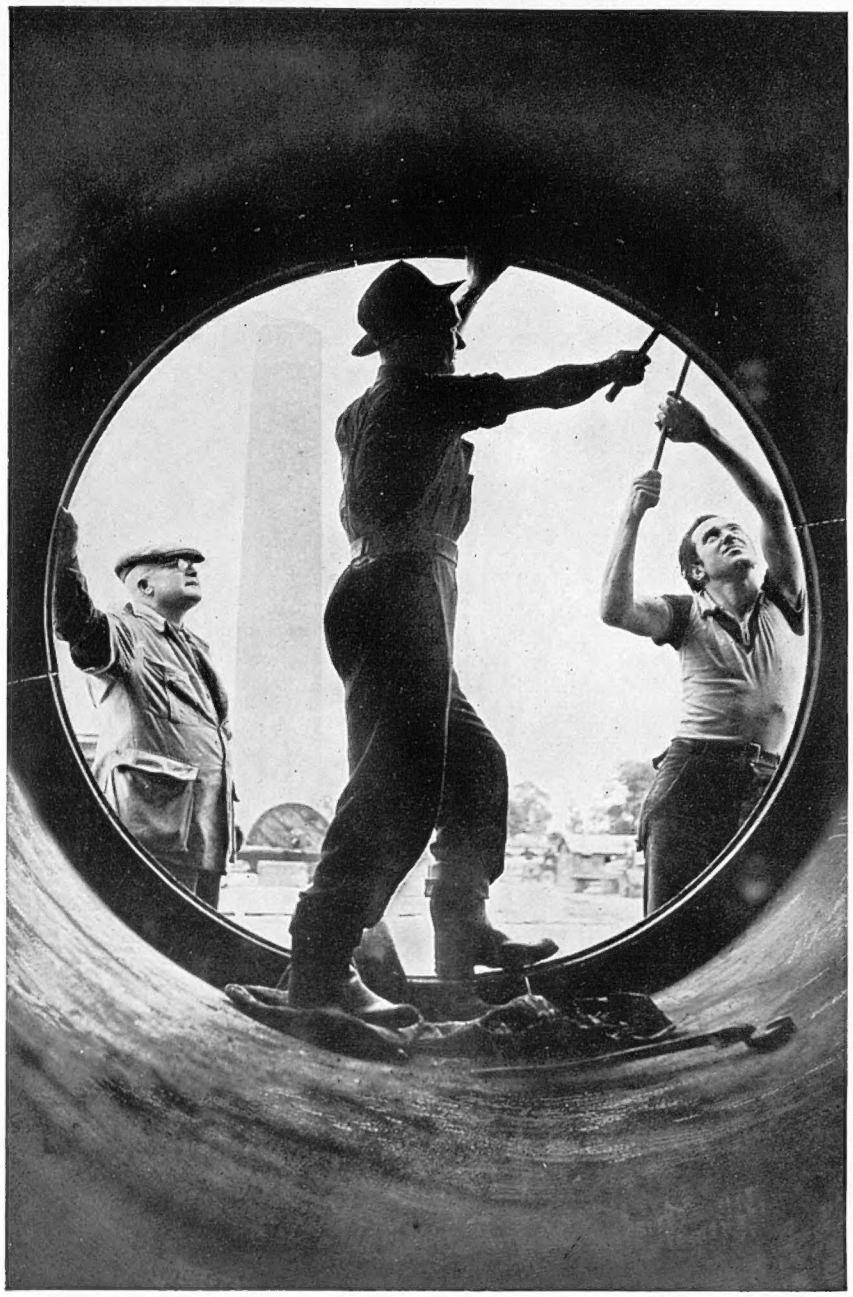

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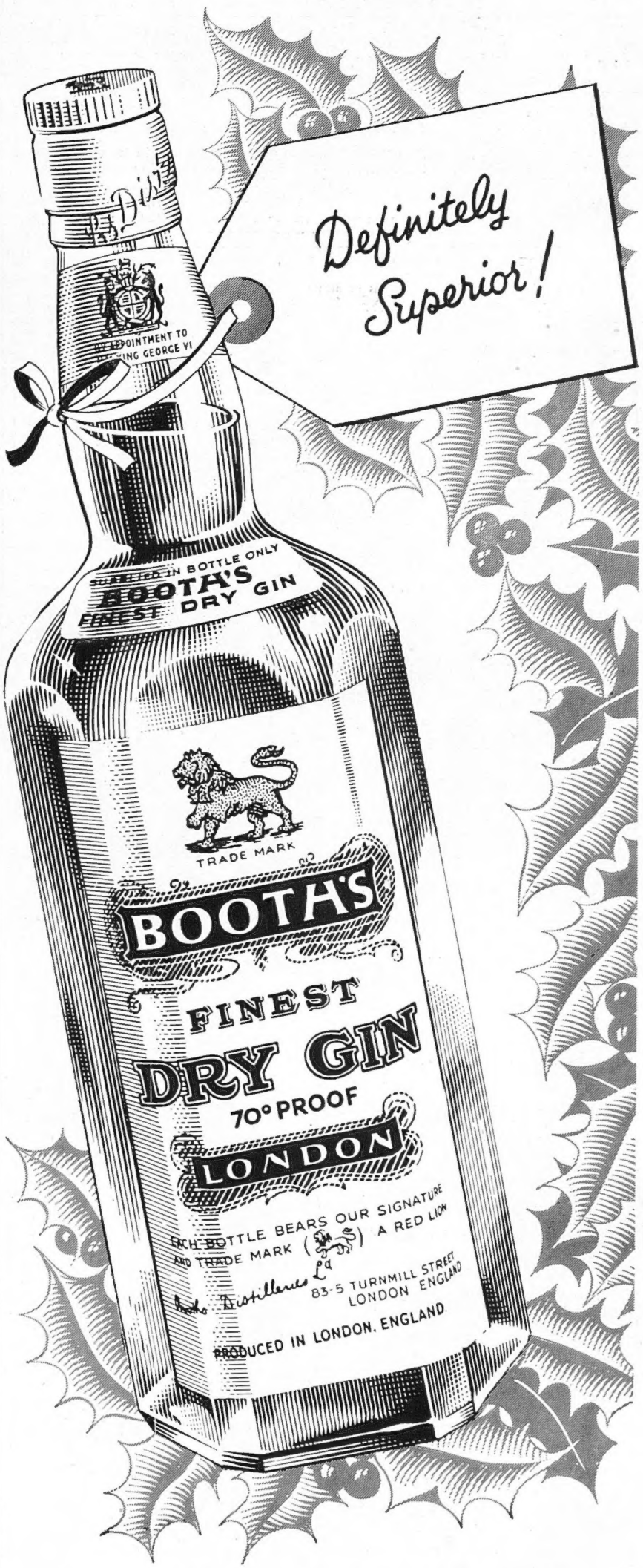

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